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THE BUDGET.

THE annual Budget is seldom delayed by the interposition of irrelevant topics. If a question of privilege was on Thursday last destined to occupy the House of Commons for several hours, there has been no occasion on which undue curiosity could be more easily restrained. Every member in the House could have approximately anticipated the statement of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; and yet there was a feeling of relief when he announced at the beginning of his speech that he was able to calculate on a moderate surplus. The estimated expenditure of the current year is 75,266,000*l.*, and the revenue 75,685,000*l.* Among various disappointments of former calculations, Sir S. NORTHCOTE, with some rhetorical adroitness, selected for notice the deficient returns of the telegraph service. The present Government is not responsible for a purchase which was certainly proposed with unduly sanguine expectations. There is still reason to suppose that, with the extension of facilities, and with the growth of the benefit of communicating by telegraph, the State may derive a considerable revenue from the monopoly which was bought at a heavy price. In the meantime it is evident that the small deficiency attributable to the telegraphs affords no indication of a decline in general prosperity. It is more difficult to give a satisfactory explanation of the falling off in the Excise and the Stamps. The Government is in no way responsible for the diminution of revenue; but Sir S. NORTHCOTE has received a lesson on the imprudence of assuming that the growth of national wealth and private expenditure depends on permanent causes and follows an immutable law. The ingenious and sanguine writer who lately anticipated the Budget in a letter to the *Times* on the growth of public income was deceived by a commonplace fallacy when he contended that the increase of revenue necessarily responded to every successive reduction of taxes. In former times it was true that the removal of burdens on industry developed and proved its natural elasticity; but with the improvement of the financial system the possibilities of improvement became smaller; and although a reduction in the rate of duties has often compensated by degrees the loss which it caused in the first instance, the abolition of taxes produces a less immediate and direct result. The consumption of sugar might be quadrupled without any advantage to the revenue, and if tea also were withdrawn from the list of taxed commodities, the Exchequer would be no longer interested in the extent of importation or consumption. It is undoubtedly satisfactory that the few taxes which have been retained by successive Governments should still provide an enormous revenue.

It would not have been surprising if Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had contented himself with explaining the actual state of the finances, without proposing any change in the system of taxation; but Chancellors of the Exchequer generally like to do something; and on the trifling question of brewers' licences a pledge had already been given. A new scale is to be adopted for the purpose of making the amount of payment correspond more nearly with the extent of each brewer's business; and, when the process of absorption of small undertakings by large capitalists next forms a ground of lamentation, it will be less easy to attribute the result to an unjust mode of taxation. The expediency of the new device for increasing the receipts from Stamps is more questionable. Candidates entering the Civil Service are not generally overburdened with wealth, and it is difficult to understand why they should be selected as proper subjects for taxation. Sir S.

NORTHCOTE has borrowed from his eminent predecessor the ill-omened phrase of readjustment. Mr. GLADSTONE last year proposed to supply the deficiency which he intended to create by a readjustment, which can only have signified an increase of taxes. Sir S. NORTHCOTE need scarcely have applied the term to a little tax on clerks in public offices.

It may be doubted whether the occasion was suitable for dealing with the National Debt. Notwithstanding the criticisms which have often been made on the practice of estimating the revenue at an unduly low rate, there was much to be said for the gradual discharge of moderate portions of debt, through the direct application to the purpose of a surplus which has been provided on a transparently fictitious assumption. If the House of Commons and the country must be cheated into the creation of a Sinking Fund, the simplest and cheapest method of payment is the best. The increase of the annual payment of interest for the purpose of ultimately reducing the principal is also a kind of deception; and if it must be attempted in deference to the authority of several successive Finance Ministers, including Mr. GLADSTONE, the time for the experiment is when there is a considerable surplus. Last year the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, after disposing of all the large balance which had been left by his predecessor, discovered a new mode of keeping his books by which a considerable sum was transferred from capital account to income. The criticism of Mr. CHILDERS to the effect that Sir S. NORTHCOTE takes credit for an arrangement which must extend far beyond his term of office is not unjust. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had previously admitted that many contingencies might justify his successors in suspending the operation of his scheme. There is little difference between the various kinds of Sinking Funds which have been devised by ingenious financiers. Seventy or eighty years ago it was the custom to borrow an additional percentage as often as a loan was effected, for investment at compound interest with a view to the ultimate extinction of the debt. It is now proposed to form a Fund which is in itself more legitimate, inasmuch as it arises from the annual surplus; but in both cases it is thought better to create a self-acting machinery than boldly to avow and practise the theory that a certain income should be raised by taxation for the purpose of paying off the debt. It is at least as satisfactory to reduce the charge for interest on the debt as to provide for a diminution of the principal, which is itself a nominal and imaginary sum. As long as both parties agree on the fashionable mode of dealing with the debt, it is perhaps useless to recommend the adoption of a sounder system. Those who may have the good fortune to live through the next thirty years in uninterrupted peace and prosperity will find themselves relieved from 160,000,000*l.* of debt. If such a result should be attained, the continuance of the process to which it will be due will not demand a heroic exercise of virtue.

Claimants for subsidies in aid of local taxation cannot have expected any additional contribution during the present year, and it is to be hoped that they will be satisfied with the proposed restrictions on the liberty of communities to incur local debt. Future loans to governing bodies are only to be raised in a particular form, and they are to be subjected to a regular audit. There may perhaps be some convenience in uniformity of procedure; but there is no reason to suppose that money has ordinarily been borrowed for local purposes either to an excessive amount or on extravagant terms. Large towns can generally borrow any sum which they may have been authorized to raise at about 4 per cent., and according to the uniform practice they also provide a sinking fund, by which the debt will be paid

off in a calculated number of years. It is in general necessary before money is borrowed to obtain the approval of the Local Government Board, except in the more important cases which require the sanction of Parliament. Sir S. NORTHGOTE's scheme may probably be on the whole useful, but it was not urgently necessary, and it has little connexion with the Budget.

GERMANY.

THE reply of Mr. DISRAELI to Mr. LEWIS on the question of the correspondence between Germany and Belgium was as judicious in its language as the question itself was injudicious. The framer of the question had gone out of his way to draw down rebukes on his head. He had characterized the German despatch as menacing, he had assumed that the liberty of the press in Belgium had been threatened, and he wandered off into an irrelevant inquiry as to what our Government would do if the neutrality of Belgium were violated. The German despatch was not menacing, it did not refer to the press at all, and it invited Belgium to consider how it could best fulfil its duties as a neutral and independent Power. Mr. DISRAELI characterized the German despatch by a term which exactly expresses the light in which the Belgian Government had regarded it. It was a friendly remonstrance, and the Belgian Government accepted this friendly remonstrance in a most friendly spirit. The German despatch referred to three things which had formed the subject of oral discussion between the representatives of the two Governments. There was, first of all, the issue by some Belgian Bishops of pastorals in which sympathy for those suffering under German tyranny was expressed. Far from considering that Germany had no cause of complaint on this head, the Belgian Government replied that the pastorals had been issued two years and a half ago, that the Government disapproved of their tenor, and that the offence had not been repeated. Then there was an address of sympathy to the Bishop of PADERBORN which purported to have been sent by the Committee of a charitable Society at the end of last year. As to this, the Belgian Government replied, not that charitable Committees might do what they pleased, but that the Committee had never issued the address, that it had not met for some months previously to the date which the address bore, and that two private persons were the sole contrivers of the pious fraud by which, in the interest of party religious warfare, the address was represented as proceeding from a body which was entirely a stranger to it. Lastly, there was the attempt, or plot, or proposed plot, of DUCHESNE to murder Prince BISMARCK. What DUCHESNE had done was to write a letter proposing to murder Prince BISMARCK if his correspondent would pay him for his trouble. The Belgian Government investigated the matter, and came to the conclusion that DUCHESNE had not been guilty of any act punishable by Belgian law. The German Government inquired whether, if this was so, it might not be advisable to alter the Belgian law. It reminded the Belgian Government that twice in the early days of the Second Empire it had altered the Belgian law to please the Emperor NAPOLEON; it urged that Belgium, in its peculiar position as a protected Power, might be expected to do readily all that it could be reasonably asked to do to protect the members of the Government of the protecting Powers; and it quoted what appears to be the irrelevant example of Switzerland, where a law has been recently passed subjecting to a long term of imprisonment any one guilty of trying to induce a foreign Power to interfere in the internal affairs of the country. The Belgian Government replied in a most temperate and friendly tone that any proposal for new repressive laws might have a bad effect at this crisis in Belgium, as Belgium being a free State, the laws would require the sanction of the Legislature, and that by appealing to the patriotism of the Assembly and the public the Government had recently succeeded in discouraging all inclination to say or do things offensive to Germany, and that thus there was a tranquillity and good feeling and a disposition not to interfere in German affairs which it would be a pity to disturb. It further pointed out that DUCHESNE had done nothing towards carrying out his intention of killing Prince BISMARCK, and that his crime was one solely of evil thoughts, which would be punishable under no system of legislation. Whether a proposal in writing to kill a man

if another man will pay for the act is solely a crime of evil thoughts is a disputable proposition, and all that can be said is that, after an argument in which neither side lost its temper, the Belgian and German Governments came to a different conclusion about it; but the Belgian Government pointed out that when it was reported that DUCHESNE was going on to German soil, and might be supposed to be taking steps to the actual accomplishment of his detestable purpose, the German police received immediate warning. Moreover, the Belgian Government had reason to believe that in some respects a further investigation as to the proceedings of DUCHESNE might be useful, and this it was ready to have made at once. The German Government did not press the matter any further, and the Belgian Government might have thought that all had ended happily. Unfortunately it became known at Paris that the correspondence had passed. Bits of it were published from day to day, as if some great and terrible mystery was being revealed. A small matter was magnified into a serious one, and the kind friends of Belgium insisted that it had been unconsciously kicked and trampled on.

The difficulty, such it is, has been created by the press and by the desire of persons who have got to telegraph—to telegraph, if possible, something exciting. In this way the German Government has had less than justice done it for a few days. But if Germany has had something to complain of in the action of the press, it has had much more to answer for. All of a sudden a Berlin newspaper blew a trumpet of alarm. The Fatherland was solemnly warned that awful things were impending. France was arming for a war of revenge, and was trying to seduce Austria and Italy into an alliance, not altogether without fair grounds for supposing that its wicked intrigues would succeed. In another day or two another newspaper, supposed to be more under Ministerial influence than the first prophet of evil, issued a very tame disclaimer of this prophecy. It encouraged the notion that France was arming, but it suggested that the fidelity of Austria and Italy was not likely to be easily shaken. The whole proceeding is very discreditable to the German Government. Nothing can be more certain than that the alarm would never have been given unless those who gave it had reason to believe that what they were doing would please Prince BISMARCK. He may not have ordered the insertion of the paragraph, but the German press is far too much under the thumb of the authorities for any editor to have published such a statement unless he knew that his indiscretion would be readily pardoned. The disclaimer was almost worse than that which it disclaimed. It allowed that to be supposed to be true which Prince BISMARCK knows not to be true. France is not arming, is not ready for war, is not getting ready for war. It is reorganizing its army, as it has a perfect right to do; but this reorganization will take a long time to carry out, and every Frenchman knows that a new war, hastily undertaken without allies, must end in disaster. Nor is this all. The original statement was not merely that France was bent on war, but that Marshal MACMAHON and the ORLEANS Princes were bent on making France go to war. The disclaimer never noticed this, and not to notice it was to allow it to be supposed to be true. The ORLEANS Princes occupy no official position, and gossip about them may perhaps be treated as mere ordinary defamation. But Marshal MACMAHON is the head of the French Government, and the representative of France. To impute designs to him is to bring a charge against a responsible person, and to bring such a charge without warrant against the head of the French Government is a great insult to France and a disturbance of the peace of Europe. It is said that the object of Prince BISMARCK in arranging for these false alarms being given is a purely domestic one. He wants to keep Germans up to the mark, and to fan the excitement which supports his ecclesiastical laws and his military preparations. If this be so, he exhibits himself and his countrymen in a very poor light. It is to German patriotism that he appeals when he combats priests and enlarges the military force of the country. The patriotism which fades away unless it is stimulated by false alarms is a very shaky sort of patriotism, and the statesman who has recourse to such stimulants of patriotism stoops much beneath the level on which Prince BISMARCK ought to stand.

Certainly it would not have seemed as if the kind of patriotism which bids Prussians back up Prince BISMARCK

in his ecclesiastical crusade needed much artificial stimulus. Every day some new Bill against refractory priests and their adherents is submitted to the Prussian Parliament, and receives an eager welcome. The property of the Church is to be withheld from it in cases where those enjoying the benefits of this property refuse to submit to the requirements of the civil power. All religious orders are to be abolished in Prussia. Those articles in the Prussian Constitution which stand in the way of these changes are to be repealed. If the struggle that has begun is to be fought out, these laws may be necessary, and Prussians who think them necessary are quite right to vote for them. But they might be credited with the power to perceive that the steps taken are very serious, and that great principles are at stake, and they might be supposed to be above needing to have their ardour fostered by false and malicious newspaper gossip. The address of the Catholic Bishops to the KING is much more calculated to fortify the resolution of intelligent opponents than idle tales about the French army. The Bishops thought it worth while to appeal from the Prussian Government to the KING, and to try to make his conscience uneasy by suggesting that they were asked to do what no good Christian could possibly do, and that property was being taken from them which it concerned the honour of the Royal Family to preserve to them faithfully. The KING did not answer, but Prince BISMARCK did, and he replied that the Bishops were quite mistaken in supposing that the KING did not fully understand and approve of the new laws. As to the character of these new laws, it is hopeless to think that the Bishops and Prince BISMARCK can agree. They say that these laws touch their faith, and that to disobey them is merely to imitate the conduct of the early Christians who refused to sacrifice in heathen temples and to worship the statue of the Emperor. Prince BISMARCK replies that this is nonsense. They may teach and preach any religious doctrines they please; all that is required is that they should be good citizens and not conspire against the State. They reply that it is part of their creed that civil life ought to be so regulated that the system of the Church should be carried out, and that the Prussian State does not permit this wholesome state of things to exist. Prince BISMARCK replies that this pretension of the Church is something new, and that property given before this pretension was put forward may now be properly taken from it. The Bishops say that what Prince BISMARCK calls something new is as old as the hills. And so the dispute goes on, and all that can be said is that the issue is gradually being made clear to every one. Centuries ago it was raised in England, and fortunately it was here settled in a way satisfactory to the mass of the English people.

THE PRITTLEWELL PETITION.

THE debate on the Prittlewell Petition was lively and instructive. It threw much light on what is meant by the right of the subject to petition Parliament, and on what is the course which the House of Commons is prepared to take with regard to petitions. A petition may be presented by any British subject reflecting on the conduct of any one, except the Sovereign, or a member of either House for things said or done in the House to which he belongs. This petition must be right in form or it will not be received; and by being right in form is meant that it is respectful to the House of Commons, that it concludes with a definite prayer as to what is to be done with regard to those whose conduct is impugned, and that the allegations of misconduct are germane to the prayer. Whether these allegations have the necessary relevancy is a point for the House to determine, and the House will not be over-critical in insisting on strict relevancy. A member ought to satisfy himself that any petition he is asked to present is in form, and if it is in form, he is acting with a proper regard for his public duties if he presents it, although he thinks that the allegations it contains are entirely untrue. In order that the subject may enjoy the right of petitioning, his petition must be presented, and the presenting of the petition is a ministerial act which in no way associates the person presenting it with those framing it. When he has presented it, he is not in any way bound to support it or take any steps regarding it. Mr. DISRAELI at one period of the debate seemed to think that

there was such a connexion between the petition and the member presenting it, and that the order that the petition lie on the table might properly be rescinded immediately on the member presenting it being asked whether he was prepared to support the prayer of the petition and stating that he was not so prepared. But the general result of the debate was different, and the doctrine to which the House appeared finally to lean was that the member presenting the petition had nothing more to do with the petition than any other member, except to see that it was in due form. If it attributed misconduct to an official, he was not to be taken to concur in the imputation, or to be in any way responsible for its having been made. He has merely helped a subject to exercise a constitutional right, just as a Court by issuing a writ helps a plaintiff to begin a suit without in the least prejudging the case. After the petition has been presented it comes before the Committee of Petitions, and the sole function of this Committee is to see that it is in due form. If it is in due form, it is received and lies on the table. The petitioner has a right that it shall so lie on the chance of any member thinking fit to support the prayer by making on his own responsibility a motion in accordance with it. That is the end of the petitioner's rights. If, after a reasonable time has elapsed, no member makes such a motion, then the persons whose conduct it impugns are entitled to protection; and this protection consists in the House recording that, although charges have been made against them, no member of the House has thought these charges true. The way in which this is recorded is by a motion that the order that the petition lie on the table be rescinded; and if it is a servant of the Crown who has been attacked by the petition, it is certainly the duty, and in other cases it may be the duty, of the Government to see that such a motion is duly made, in order that the character and conduct of those charged with high public functions may be properly vindicated.

The Prittlewell petition was wrong in point of form. It attacked one of those persons who cannot be attacked by petition. It took notice of a thing said to have been done by a member of the House of Commons in the discharge of his duties as a member. This person was the SPEAKER, and the House is necessarily most careful in protecting its own Speaker from informal petitions. It invited the House to censure, or, as Mr. DISRAELI understood the terms of the petition, to impeach the SPEAKER, and want of form in a petition could not easily go further than this. It is essential for the freedom of debate, and for the independence of Parliament, that everything said and done in Parliament should be excluded from the subject-matter of petitions, or otherwise, as Mr. DISRAELI pointed out, members might be exposed to a pressure from outside which would be fatal to their self-respect, and possibly to their security. It was the duty of the Committee on Petitions to point out this glaring informality in the petition when it had been discovered, and it was proper in the Leader of the House to move that the order for the reception of the petition should be rescinded. Sir WILFRID LAWSON met this by moving the previous question, on the ground that the whole matter was beneath the dignity of the House to discuss. He found very few to support him, and the House would have shown a most unwise indifference to a very important matter if it had neglected to insist that the Parliamentary conduct of its members must be excluded from the permissible range of petitions. But the Prittlewell petition had a double object. It asked the House to censure the SPEAKER, and it also asked the House to concur with the House of Lords in an address to the Crown for the removal of certain Judges, and it stated the grounds on which this action of the House was invited. Had it been confined to this, it would have been perfectly regular. Some doubt was expressed as to whether the charges were germane to the prayer, but it was recognized that the House ought not to scan the mere wording of a petition too closely; and if Judges were substantially charged with official misconduct, that was enough. The petitioners alleged, and Dr. KENEALY to a certain extent repeated, the allegation that high Parliamentary authorities had stated that petitions complaining of the misconduct of Judges would not be received. If any one, whether a high or a low Parliamentary authority, ever said this, he was wrong. After the debate of last night there can be no doubt about the matter. Every British subject has a right

to allege official misconduct against a Judge, and to pray that the House will join in an address for his removal; and as long as such a petition is worded with due respect to the House, it will be in form, and may be properly presented by a member who does not agree with a word of it, and who would speak heartily against any motion framed in accordance with its prayer. Being in form, such a petition will not elicit any remarks from the Committee, and will be ordered to lie on the table. Some time must then elapse before the order will be rescinded. How long the time should be is not fixed by any rule, but there was a general agreement in the House that the time which has elapsed—ten days—since the Prittlewell petition was presented is too short. In one case quoted seven weeks was considered a proper time, but it is obvious that some regard must be had to the period of the Session, and that no fixed rule should be laid down. During this period the petition lies waiting, as it were, to see whether any single person out of the six hundred and fifty representatives of the people will say that he thinks the petitioners are complaining of a real grievance. It is only when it has been ascertained that this is not so that the petition is rejected, in order to mark that its allegations are, in the opinion of the House, unfounded.

It is impossible to see how any security against the maladministration of justice could be ampler. The petitioners need not be electors, nor need they be men. Any man or any woman can ask the House of Commons to aid in punishing an unjust Judge. The aggrieved person has not to persuade a member that his petition is well founded in order to have it presented. This might practically prevent humble persons from being able to petition. They would have to find a champion before they could get their case before Parliament, and even if their petition was well founded, it might be difficult for them to get at a member prepared to take up their case. But they can invite any member to present their petition, and all that assenting to their invitation means is that the member will help them to exercise a constitutional right. Naturally petitioners who perhaps know the names of few members apply to one of the representatives of the district in which they live, and he will do quite right in presenting the petition, although he thinks its allegations absurd and ludicrous. When their petition is presented, they have for some weeks the chance that some one of six hundred and fifty representatives of the people may think their story a true one. It is impossible that Parliament, as the supreme Court of redress of grievances, should open a wider door to those who think they have a grievance that calls for redress. Those who think that the conduct of the Judges in the trial of ORTON was such as to make it right that they should be removed from office may present as many petitions to the House of Commons as they please, may allege what they please, and may ask that the Judges shall be removed. They have only got to do what, according to Dr. KENEALY, they are longing, in their thousands, or hundreds of thousands, or millions, to do. The gate to a Parliamentary hearing is never shut, and they can walk through when they feel inclined. It is entirely for them to decide whether they petition or not. But Dr. KENEALY himself is not in the same position. It fell most appropriately to Mr. MACDONALD, who is supposed to represent in some special way the poorer classes, to point out that Dr. KENEALY, having made a charge against the Judges concerned in the ORTON trial, is bound to substantiate his charge without delay, or must be considered to have abandoned it. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. FAWCETT repeated the same wholesome truth, and, as Mr. FAWCETT justly observed, the most deluded supporters of Dr. KENEALY will soon become alive to the fact that, if Dr. KENEALY is continually putting off his motion, it must be that he is afraid to say before an audience which can contradict and expose him what he states with comfortable audacity when he has no one to confront him. The House of Commons will be only discharging its duty to the Judges accused of misconduct, to itself, to the Crown, and to the nation, which is concerned in the popular respect for its tribunals not being wantonly impaired, if it insists on the accusations which Dr. KENEALY has made being substantiated or publicly refuted.

ROYALISTS AND REPUBLICANS.

THE Minister of Commerce and Agriculture is ordinarily one of the least political members of the French Government, and the present Minister was put into his post rather for what he was outside the Cabinet than for any special services which he was expected to render within it. But the speech which M. DE MEAUX lately made at a dinner at St. Etienne is in some respects the most interesting expression of political opinion that has been heard since the 25th of February. Everybody knew what M. DUFAURE or M. WALLON would say, and M. BUFFET was eminently successful in his attempt at saying nothing. But M. DE MEAUX represents the Right in the coalition majority, and it was at least possible that he would take the first opportunity that offered itself of bringing out in stronger phrases than M. BUFFET could venture to employ the anti-Republican character of the present Republic. The opportunity has come, and M. DE MEAUX has not used it. Indeed, he has gone farther, and has used it for a directly opposite purpose. Instead of copying M. BUFFET, and avoiding all mention of the Republic, he has described the vote on the Constitutional Laws as the substitution of a Republican rule, clearly defined, and armed with regular weapons, for the Republican rule which has been practically established since the fall of the Empire. It may seem a small thing that a Minister has brought himself to see and admit so patent a fact as this. But the recognition of patent facts is by no means a common virtue among French politicians, least of all among Conservative politicians, and M. DE MEAUX deserves credit for breaking through the custom hitherto so strictly observed by the Right of shutting their eyes to everything which they do not like. M. DE MEAUX is perfectly frank as to his relation to the new Republic. He does not profess to rejoice over the constitutional settlement at which the National Assembly has arrived. He took no part, he says, in bringing it about, because his "deepest and "dearest convictions" did not permit him to do so; but when once the law had been passed, he was able to take part in giving it effect, because the law has itself taken care to respect all honest convictions, and has only shut the door on *coups d'état* and revolutions. "On ground which all have not chosen all can find room "to sustain the cause of order and liberty," and all, whatever be their political preferences, ought to unite to protect French society against intrigues which compass its destruction.

This profession of faith is a tribute to the wisdom of those Republicans who consented to include in the new Constitution a clause providing for its revision. There was much to be said against the introduction of such a clause, and it must be admitted that the inconveniences arising out of it have not yet been fully tested. But against these inconveniences, great as they may prove to be, must be set the fact that the concession of the right of revision opened a way for the adhesion of Royalists to the new Republic which, without it, would have remained hopelessly closed. There are three degrees of comparison in the Royalist section of French society—those who will admit of neither postponement nor compromise, those who will admit of postponement but not of compromise, and those who will consent to both. Those of the first degree are necessarily ranked as irreconcilables. If they are not at this moment striking a last blow for their King, it is only because their King and they alike see that such a last blow could do neither of them anything but harm. Those of the third degree have long been willing to co-operate in founding the Republic. Their adhesion was secured in theory when M. GAMBETTA announced that all that the advanced Republicans demanded in an ally was a recognition that the Republic was the only Government that remained possible in France. This recognition was not incompatible with the conviction that the only possible Government was in itself an extremely bad one, and only to be accepted as being immeasurably better than no Government at all. But this concession on the part of the advanced Republicans did nothing for Royalists like M. DE MEAUX. They are willing to accept the Republic as the legal Government of France, and in that character to pay it due respect and homage. But they will not put aside the hope that time and experience may yet bring Frenchmen to a wiser mind. They have no wish to see the Republic overthrown by force or undermined by fraud. So long as the country retains its present temper they are Republicans, because the majority of Frenchmen are Republicans, and consequently the Republic is the only

Government that can be maintained, except by the sword. But supposing that as years pass away they should see reason to think that the majority of Frenchmen have discovered their mistake, and that if the Constitutional Laws had to be voted again they would be cast in a monarchical form, they will not promise not to take advantage of this change of temper. Under the Republican Constitution, as settled by the vote of the 25th of February, there is no need for them to give any such pledge. They have only to admit that until this change of temper comes the Republic exists by right as well as in fact. They are not asked to deny their honest convictions; they are only called upon to prove by their acts that no conviction of theirs, however deep or however clear, has any right to impress itself on the form of government until it has become the conviction of the great body of their countrymen.

The recognition of the right of revision has made it possible for men to be at once honest Royalists and honest Republicans, and in this combination M. DE MEAUX sees a prospect of overcoming the enemies which have proved too formidable for all former Republics. On the day, he says, on which good citizens and men of order rise unanimously and march united the social danger will be averted. If M. DE MEAUX can succeed in communicating this belief to French Conservatives he will have been more instrumental than any member of the coalition Cabinet in closing the future against Republican excesses, and their inevitable complement, Imperialist reaction. In former revolutions the Conservatives throughout the country have been inactive either from despair or from interest. The majority of them have thought it useless to take any part in politics, and have preferred to sit by the stream in the hope that it would at length run itself out. The minority have welcomed the excesses into which this inaction has tempted the Republicans, because these very excesses made it easier for them to build upon the fears of their countrymen the particular Conservative Government which best ministered to their own advancement. It would be idle to say that the danger to which M. DE MEAUX refers has ceased to exist. It is less formidable in many ways than it was, because the elements which compose it have been brought under visible control, and have no longer the power of getting the command of public affairs by a single blow. It has been proved that the party of order is strong enough to reduce Paris to subjection, and to keep Lyons in order; and before the mob of the capital can hope to control the Executive, it must not only reckon with the garrison, but march unopposed to Versailles. Still, though the elements of confusion are weakened, they are not uprooted. The workmen in the great French cities who in their hearts reject M. GAMBETTA'S leadership, and look forward to the day when the Commune shall once more be proclaimed, may be counted by the hundred thousand. But formidable as this calculation may seem, it is only formidable so long as the numbers arrayed against these hundreds of thousands are forgotten. The Conservatives of France may be counted by millions. With one exception they have everything that the Socialist workmen have, and in far greater abundance. They have means, and organization, and physical strength, and a motive for which to use all these advantages. What they have hitherto lacked is the resolution to fight, which springs from the confidence that will fight with success. All the schemes for reducing the power of the dangerous classes which have been concocted with so much ingenuity have been vitiated by one cardinal error. They have aimed at weakening the revolutionary element in the country, instead of at utilizing and making evident the immensely superior strength of the anti-revolutionary element. Nothing but wholesale massacre can effect the former purpose, inasmuch as the force which makes the Socialist workmen dangerous is the force of resolute arms. But the gain to the Conservative cause will be just as great if the Socialist workmen are brought to realize the hopelessness of insurrection by contemplating the power of their adversaries as if they arrived at the same result by contemplating their own weakness. This latter conviction it is within the compass of the party of order to convey to their minds. If the French Conservatives will understand that political supremacy belongs, and rightly belongs, to those who take part in politics, and that inaction in time of peace means helplessness in time of conflict, the Republic of the future may be more or less Radical according to the course of events, but in no case will it be Red.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE JUDICATURE BILL.

THERE could be no doubt that the withdrawal of the Scotch and Irish Judicature Bill involved the eventual repeal of the Appeal clauses of the Act of 1873. Probably the peers who, not without the tacit connivance of some of its members, applied a pressure to the Government, had persuaded themselves that they were contending, directly as well as virtually, on behalf of the entire jurisdiction of the House of Lords. Lord REDESDALE, the most active member of their body, had consistently opposed Lord SELBORNE'S Bill, while many of his colleagues in the agitation regretted their former indifference to a change which was undoubtedly serious. If the Cabinet had been united and earnest in its support of the Judicature Act, the irregular interference of the majority of the House of Lords might perhaps have been baffled. It was possible to abandon the proposals of the present year, and yet to leave the law as it stands. The consequence would have been that both Scotland and Ireland must have remonstrated against the invidious distinction by which they were allowed a separate Court of Appeal of their own. Lord Justice CHRISTIAN has proved that the Irish Bench is not unanimous in its support of the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords; and all competent lawyers have from the first insisted on the necessity of a single Court of Appeal for the United Kingdom. Lord CAIRNS was probably coerced not so much by the representations of an irresponsible and anomalous committee as by his knowledge that the Cabinet was divided. He has apparently not yet adopted Lord PENZANCE'S device of a new and independent Court which should call itself the House of Lords; and at the same time he is not prepared to maintain without alteration a system which he has repeatedly condemned. If the Act which constituted a new Supreme Court of Appeal had been confined to the special object, it would have been difficult to give any reason for suspending its operation which would not have applied equally to a total repeal; but, as the LORD CHANCELLOR reminded the House of Lords, the appeal clauses are not the whole, and perhaps not even the most important, part of the Act in which they are contained. It is accordingly proposed that the nominal fusion of Law and Equity shall be accomplished without further delay, and that the Act of 1873 shall be amended by the creation of a new Court of Intermediate Appeal. The clauses relating to the Court of Final Appeal are to be suspended for a year, and in the meantime the House of Lords will retain functions which, after the prescribed interval, will almost necessarily become again permanent. The contrivance is sufficiently awkward, though, after the LORD CHANCELLOR had once submitted to the dictation of the malcontent peers, he had perhaps no better alternative; but no part of the Government policy has done so much to weaken its authority, and to diminish its chances of duration.

It is not improbable that during the progress of the amending Bill through Parliament some change will be made in the proposed organization of the Court of Intermediate Appeal. The definite constitution of any tribunal of the kind is a great improvement on Lord SELBORNE'S original project. By far the greater number of cases in which the decision of the Court of original jurisdiction fails to satisfy the unsuccessful suitor are not of a nature to require the attention of a Court of Final Appeal. The functions of the House of Lords or of the Committee of the Privy Council are in a sense legislative as well as judicial. It is necessary to determine finally legal questions which have not been anticipated by Parliament. The Lords Justices on the other hand, and the Court of Exchequer Chamber, while they frequently propound general maxims of law, are habitually concerned with the application of established doctrines to new combinations of circumstances. Lord SELBORNE stood almost alone in his opposition to the principle of a double appeal; and it is satisfactory to find that Lord CAIRNS, after a preliminary attempt at compromise, has decided on the establishment of a regular Court of Intermediate Appeal. The great legal dignitaries who form one-half of the Court will be rather ornamental than useful. It is hardly worth while to borrow from administrative practice the fiction by which half-a-dozen Cabinet Ministers are added to a Board or Council of which the President discharges all the real duties. The Lord Chancellor, the Chief Justices and the Chief Baron, and the Master of the Rolls, will seldom have leisure to sit as Judges of the Court

of Intermediate Appeal. The Lords Justices, the two salaried members of the Judicial Committee, and the additional Judge to be appointed by the Crown, will probably be regular in their attendance. There will be some discussion on the number of the quorum, which is fixed in the Bill at two in interlocutory matters and at three for the decision of the whole case. At present Equity appeals are heard by the Lord Chancellor and Lords Justices, or, more often, by the Lords Justices alone, while the Exchequer Chamber or Court of Common Law Appeal is generally attended by six or seven Judges. It sometimes happens that the unanimous decision of four Judges in the Court below is reversed by a bare majority in the Exchequer Chamber, so that the case is really decided in accordance with the views of the smaller number of Judges of equal rank. In the new Court it will often happen that two of the three Judges of Appeal will overrule three or four Common Law Judges, if the sittings *in banc* are continued on their present footing; but in ordinary cases the presence of four Judges in a Court of Common Law involves a waste of judicial strength.

The experiment of abolishing the distinction between Common Law and Equity will probably be only gradually successful. In the meantime there is no reason why the proposed Court should be deemed incompetent to discharge its duties. The Lords Justices will not be less familiar with Equity because they may hear appeals under a new title; and they will by degrees receive more and more assistance from their less experienced colleagues. Lord Justice MELLISH was, before his promotion to the Bench, esteemed the most learned member of the Common Law Bar, and his judicial experience must have qualified him in a high degree to promote the fusion of the two great divisions of jurisprudence. The new member of the Court will probably be an Equity lawyer, whether he is selected from the Bench or from the Bar. Unless the total number of members of the Court is increased, it will scarcely be possible to require a quorum of five. The LORD CHANCELLOR will be the chief member of the Court of Final Appeal, and one at least of the Chief Justices will generally be a peer. The efficiency of the Court of Intermediate Appeal must be maintained by the ordinary members. It may be assumed that the members of the Judicial Committee who are to form a part of the Court of Intermediate Appeal will continue also to discharge the duties for which they are appointed and paid. Consequently the Lords Justices and the new Judge will be the only members of the Appeal Court who can devote their whole time and attention to their special functions. Two of the paid members of the Judicial Committee were selected on account of the knowledge of Indian law and practice which they had acquired in their former career. It follows that Sir ROBERT COLLIER and Sir MONTAGUE SMITH will be ordinary Judges of Appeal. If the quorum of three is considered by either House to be insufficient, it will be necessary to increase the total number of the Court. As a general rule it is desirable that the number of superior Judges should be as far as possible restricted, if only for the purpose of maintaining a high standard of excellence and of reputation. The habit of regarding a large Court as necessary for the decision of Common Law appeals is almost entirely due to the accident by which the Judges required for the transaction of criminal and *visi prius* business were associated *in banc*.

The reasons given by Lord CAIRNS for allowing the Judicature Act to come into early operation were abundantly conclusive. The measure is, even after the excision of the clauses relating to final appeals, the boldest and most comprehensive legal change which has ever been at one time effected. It may easily be believed that, as the LORD CHANCELLOR states, every collateral arrangement must be deferred until the practical results of the Act are in some degree ascertained by experience. It is also of the utmost importance that practitioners should become as soon as possible familiar with new forms of pleading and procedure. The intended readjustment of the circuits cannot be settled until the available judicial strength has been determined. With one exception, all the vacancies which have occurred either on the Equity or Common Law Bench have been filled up since the passing of the Judicature Act, as if the existing distinctions were to continue. When the fusion has been nominally and formally accomplished, the Chancellor of the day will have the means of ascertaining how far the theory of the new system is realized in practice. It is possible that a few years hence every capable lawyer will be equally

qualified for the administration of a jurisprudence which may perhaps then have become uniform. The debates in both Houses of Parliament are likely to turn rather on the provisions which are omitted from the amending Bill than on the details of Lord CAIRNS'S unpretending measure. The Opposition in the House of Commons will not lose their most favourable opportunity of denouncing the weakness and internal dissensions of the Government; but it will be difficult to prolong the discussion; and the Ministers can still command a majority of votes. If no political change takes place during the ensuing year, the suspended portions of the Act of 1873 will probably be repealed; but it is uncertain whether the LORD CHANCELLOR will retain the actual jurisdiction of the House of Lords, or attempt some modification of Lord PENZANCE'S scheme.

CONVOCATION AT WORK.

THE various sections which make up the Church of England are chewing the cud of the excitement which last year produced and carried the Public Worship Act. Stripped of extraneous details, the incidents which brought about that remarkable piece of legislation were very simple. Till about forty years ago, the Church of England, like other institutions, rested its claims to permanent recognition upon its constitutional and traditional relations to the State more than upon the visible evidences of its practical usefulness. We are far from saying that it did not do much good and earnest work; but any special energy was rather sporadic than corporate, and the Churchmen who were the hardest workers, as a rule, belonged to a section who, in the eyes of the steadygoing majority, were apt to forget the obligations binding them to the general body in their zeal for doing their duty according to their own personal notions. That was a date when the traditional stability of old institutions received very rude shocks in this country; some disappeared and some were changed past recognition. Every one believed that the Church's time had come when Lord GREY, as Prime Minister, warned the Bishops to set their houses in order. At the critical moment the menaced body was unexpectedly succoured by the sudden rally of what had hitherto been its inert residuum. An appeal was made by a few divines to the constitutional characteristics of the Church as containing practical elements of internal development and of spiritual usefulness to the community. The idea took root among the clergy, and it met with a sufficient response from a minority of the influential laity to make good its footing. Dating from that period the Church of England has, in increasing proportion, assumed the position of a progressive body, while the influence which has most powerfully guided its progress has been that of the resuscitated High Church party. The chief result of this uprising has been that the Church of England, so far from being disestablished or otherwise mutilated, is probably at this moment stronger in the affections of the people than at any former period since the Reformation. As a collateral incident, however, the Evangelical party, which before the crisis seemed destined to monopolize all the energy of whatever might survive of the Church of England, found itself left out in the cold. Many of its best members were absorbed by the new movement; others kept on quietly working within their own circles. But a fighting minority of coarser fibre was left, which preferred the interests of their own faction to the common weal, and cemented a virtual alliance with kindred elements of Nonconformity. The High Church party has for many years most wisely confined its claims to a plea for toleration. It has had neither the wish nor the means to interfere with the work, either practical or devotional, of the other party, but it insists on the various sections of Churchmen agreeing to "live and let live." If the practices of its various votaries had always been as wise as the principles on which they were defended, it would now have been occupying an impregnable position. But that revival was no exception to the ordinary rule of such movements, and it found itself hampered by an extreme and uncontrollable section. The capricious extravagances of Ritualism gave to the Puritan organization the opportunity which it had long been seeking, and in the shape of the "Church Association" it pushed its advantage. So long as the battle-field was the Judicial Committee, the scandal and misfortune to the Church of the civil war

were bad enough; but the results were capable of being measured. This form of mischief was not, however, enough for the destructive energies of the Association, and they planned a *coup*, the success of which, according to all human calculations, would have seemed impossible. They forced upon the two ARCHBISHOPS a monster address, calling on those prelates to exchange their office of rulers and moderators of the whole Church for that of partisan chiefs, and to join in stamping out the High Church party; and the ARCHBISHOPS had the incredible weakness to accept the ignoble part thus thrust upon them, and to place themselves in the hands of the Church Association.

From that day to the one upon which the Public Worship Regulation Act received the Royal Assent events succeeded each other by a logical sequence. Casual bystanders might have thought the triumph of the Puritan party complete, but to those who could look deeper into matters the elements of weakness were not wanting to their success. Their hardly veiled object in getting their Act was to stamp out, not Ritualism, but that which in calmer moments the Archbishop of CANTERBURY has glorified as "the great historical High Church party." But it did not follow that the heterogeneous majority which gave them their Act had the same intentions. Even during the progress of the measure through the Commons' Committee, the evidences of the contrary were manifest. The better spirit of Parliament came out in the provision which placed defect in the same category as excess, and in the postponement of the operation of the Act for nearly a year. The Letters of Business to Convocation to consider, and, if desirable, to suggest amendments in, the rubrical law under which the men were to be hanged, before going on to hang them, were also a contribution to peace and moderation. The sittings of the Convocation of Canterbury which have been occupying the last week have brought the most important representative body which the Church of England possesses face to face with the situation created during the previous session. In the meanwhile the usual good sense of Englishmen has had time to think and to speak, and the general upshot of their ruminations is that, unless the downfall of the Church, both as a spiritual body and as an Establishment, is a desirable consummation, it would be better not to persecute the High Church party. The corollary to this wise conclusion is that there is more chance of the old parties rubbing on together under the old rubrics, which had proved a *modus vivendi* to both sides before the tempestuous days of Ritualism and Church Associations, than there is hope of inducing them to accept the inexorable rigour of any newly devised regulations, however peaceably intended. As for Parliament, it has fairly shown that it has neither time nor patience this year for another ecclesiastical fray.

In face of the general agreement in opinion, the respective attitudes of the two Houses of Convocation might at first seem a little inconsistent. The Upper House, which practically consists of four-fifths of the original framers of the Worship Regulation Act, is conspicuously willing to do about nothing at all, while the Lower House, which struggled manfully, but ineffectually, against the legislation of last year, is busy in discussing a report of which the drift is to maintain the *status in quo*, not by silence, but by some formal assertion of opinion. This inconsistency is, however, the intelligible result of the blunders of last year. The Bishops who started the confusion are very naturally, if somewhat illogically, anxious to undo their own handiwork, now that their eyes are open to its real character. The Lower House, which was placed under the most severe injunctions, both of the Episcopate and of the State, to produce its scheme, is of opinion that its own dignity and the principles of decorum which must govern legislative bodies leave to it no other option than formally to prepare its proposal, while it is anxious to make that proposal as harmless as possible. In the meanwhile, Upper House, Lower House, and Parliament have really the same desire—namely, to muzzle the wolf which was last year so recklessly unchained. How, precisely, they may succeed in the work is of far less importance than that they should succeed. All reasonable men are now agreed that peace can only be secured by toleration and elasticity in the worship which the Church of England enjoins. The limits of the necessary concessions might not be very difficult to reach if each party took a little trouble to ascertain the feelings of the other.

SPAIN.

IF the only object of the Spanish Carlists is to establish despotism and intolerance, it is difficult to understand why they should continue to withhold their allegiance from the Government of Madrid. King ALFONSO has the advantage over his rival of being recognized in the greater part of Spain, and consequently he can serve the cause which is common to both more efficiently than the ruler of a few mountainous districts. The late Circulars on education, and the severe measures which have been taken against some University Professors, seem to prove that King ALFONSO and his advisers rely on the support of the clergy against all sections of even moderately Liberal politicians. A decree that nothing shall be taught which is inconsistent with Catholic principles virtually gives the control of the Universities exclusively to the priests. According to the traditions of the Church, laymen are intrinsically disqualified from forming a judgment either on theological dogmas or on the relation of morals or of history to the orthodox faith. It is therefore not surprising that the Professors of the Universities have generally protested against the Ministerial decree; and their peaceful resistance has in some instances been punished with extreme and lawless rigour. Some of their number have, without trial or colour of legal right, been transported to the colonies, and one of them, who was not long since Prime Minister, has been included in the proscription. Señor SALMERON was not a wise or successful statesman, but there is no imputation on his personal character, and his political failure has been shared by nearly all his predecessors and successors. Having returned to his academic occupations, he has now been not only dismissed from his post of Professor, but imprisoned and banished. The more celebrated CASTELAR has thought it prudent to retire for the time from Spain; and probably the literary class of Spaniards will find it necessary entirely to suspend their activity. Two years ago the follies of the Republicans supplied abundant matter for unfavourable comment, but the eccentricities of kingly government furnish a kind of retrospective excuse for their errors. It is true that, at his early age, the KING cannot be held fully responsible for the conduct of the Ministers who act in his name, but the hopes which were suggested by his accession have almost wholly disappeared. The arrest of such men as ZORRILLA and SALMERON is a confession of weakness as well as a violation of law and justice. There has not been for some years so entire a cessation of conspiracy as since the latest revolution. The crime of ZORRILLA was that he attempted to organize an open and constitutional Opposition, while SALMERON seems to have given offence merely in his academic character. It is surprising that the members of ephemeral Spanish Administrations should carelessly and wantonly establish precedents which will perhaps in a short time be used against themselves. It might be supposed that official and political personages would hesitate to affirm the doctrine that they may themselves be treated as criminals if they happen to be on the weaker side.

According to one of the latest rumours, General CONCHA, late Governor of Cuba, is likely to share the exile of Liberal ex-Ministers and Professors. It had been supposed that the veteran General had been recalled for the purpose of assuming the chief command of the army of the North. His brother had obtained the only considerable success which has been achieved against the Carlists, in the relief of Bilbao and the subsequent operations. The survivor also had acquired a considerable reputation, and his absence from the country had saved him from participation in the reverses and failures which have been incurred. As soon as he arrived in Spain he preferred against General JOVELLAR, Minister of War, charges of mismanagement of the contest in Cuba. It was evident that JOVELLAR and CONCHA could not both be employed, and probably the Minister has persuaded his colleagues that it is not desirable to encourage criticism of their policy. MORIONES also has been removed from his command; and the changes which have been made have not increased the efficiency of the army. It is possible that the late inaction may be explained by the negotiations which have taken place in connexion with the abortive mission of CABRERA. As usual, it is difficult or impossible to test the accuracy of Spanish news. On one side it is asserted that more than two hundred officers have retired from the service of Don CARLOS; and the fact is not less positively denied by the Carlists, of whom the greater number remain faithful to their colours.

The statement that Don CARLOS meditates an offensive movement in the direction of Madrid would, if it were credible, afford some prospect of an early termination of the war. It is not impossible that the provincial deputies may have insisted on a plan of campaign which might both relieve them in some degree from a heavy burden and tend to decisive results; yet the Carlist generals can scarcely command a sufficient force for a campaign in Castile. In the former war the most enterprising Carlist partisans contented themselves with rapid marches through the more distant parts of the country, and neither GOMEZ nor CARRERA at any time succeeded in occupying or holding a remote position in the enemy's country. The best of the Carlist troops are perhaps superior to any of their adversaries; but their number is small, and they have to depend on the support of raw and undisciplined recruits. Not one of the Carlist generals has hitherto displayed any remarkable ability; and even in the successful defence of strong positions they have profited rather by the blunders of their assailants than by any skilful combinations of their own. It has hitherto been possible for the Carlists to dispense almost entirely with cavalry, and they have been far inferior to the enemy in the weight and number of their artillery. In an open country their inferiority in these respects would almost certainly be fatal. If the local managers of the insurrection are tired of carrying on the war in their own districts, any proposal on their part of an advance would imply a wish to end the struggle. Meanwhile it is deplorable that savage reprisals in cold blood should once more, as in a former generation, take the place of regular warfare.

It is impossible to deny to Don CARLOS and his adherents the merit of pertinacity in a hopeless cause. Both the Pretender and his principal officers might at any time obtain a lavish price for the surrender of his claims. In the meantime they know that they have no friends beyond the limits of their own provinces either at home or abroad. Every European Government has recognized Don ALFONSO, and the POPE himself suspends his decision between two orthodox competitors until he can ascertain that one of them will prevail. One occasional effect of a Spanish rebellion is to secure for the time the regular Government against the periodical insurrections to which it would be otherwise exposed. The tedious siege of Carthage induced the restless Republicans to acquiesce for some months in the dictatorship of CASTELAR; and it was only when the Minister voluntarily and unwisely abdicated his authority, that a military officer found it necessary to turn the mutinous Cortes out of doors. During the present year the anomalous Government of SERRANO has been superseded by the action of the generals of the army; but there can be little doubt that ALFONSO will reign as long as his title is disputed in any district of Spain. After the restoration of peace, by negotiation or by victory, it will be difficult to prolong indefinitely the despotism which is now exercised by the Ministers in the name of the KING. A large army suddenly left without occupation would be a dangerous instrument. The generals who placed the KING on the throne would be disinclined to retire into obscurity; and they would grudge the Ministers the monopoly of the rewards of the latest revolution. For some time to come insurrectionary movements will probably, as in the days of ISABELLA II., be directed against the Cabinet for the time being rather than against the Crown. In course of time, political motives or professions will as before succeed to a barren series of military usurpations. Some candidate for power will find it his interest to convoke the Cortes, and to affect attachment to constitutional principles. The best chance for Spain would be in the personal character of the KING, if he should be found, as he grows older, to possess the more indispensable qualities of a ruler. He has so far an advantage over the long succession of adventurers who came before, that he can have no interest separate from that of the country. At his present age he would be much better employed in pursuing his studies at some school or college than in lending his name to the oppressive acts of a casual Government. In the more probable alternative of his political failure, the time of the Republicans will perhaps once more come round. Sanguine politicians believe that a Republic is at last about to take root in France; and, if they are right, the precedent will exercise influence on Spain. The French Government will not be gratified by the rumour that the Empress EUGÉNIE and her son are about to visit Madrid.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

IN the discussion on breach of privilege in the House of Commons on Tuesday last two separate and perfectly distinct questions, bearing no relation to each other, were most unwisely and unnecessarily mixed up together. There can be no doubt whatever as to the authority of the House over reports of its proceedings. The liberty of the newspapers to report anything which passes in the open House, although it has never been formally sanctioned, is practically recognized, and the old prohibition on the subject may be regarded as entirely obsolete. It can hardly be conceived that a majority of the members would ever agree to the suppression of reports of their speeches, and indeed the tendency in recent years has been to complain that they are not reported sufficiently. Mr. LEWIS, who brought the subject before the House, expressly stated that he had no desire to restrict the freedom of newspapers in any way, and that his motion was directed to quite another object—to prevent the dissemination of libels under the shelter of proceedings before a Committee of the House. Under these circumstances it is difficult to understand why the newspapers should have been brought into the question at all, and Mr. BRIGHT was certainly justified in his apprehension that outsiders would think it very absurd. If the letter of which complaint was made had been read in the House of Commons, it would naturally have been reproduced in the newspaper reports of the proceedings, and a Committee-room is, as a rule, equally open to the reporters. It is left to the discretion of Select Committees to determine for themselves whether or not they will sit in secret, but it seldom happens that the public is excluded. In the case of the Committee on Foreign Loans, the reporters had undoubtedly a right to assume that, as no objection was made to their presence, they were entitled to give a full account of what took place. The very fact that a Committee which has the power to shut its doors keeps them open to all comers is the most conclusive proof that it does not desire to make any secret of its proceedings. Notwithstanding the Resolution which has been passed as a matter of form, there is no reason to suppose that the freedom which has hitherto been allowed to the press will be in any degree curtailed. Indeed it would be scarcely possible to impose any restrictions short of absolute prohibition. It would be absurd to lay down a rule that in a general way reports should be allowed, but that the reporters should be held responsible for the publication of anything in the proceedings which might be considered objectionable. It is obvious that the House of Commons must be the guardian of its own discretion, and that it is the duty of the members themselves to take care that there are no improprieties to be reported.

The question which was really at issue in this instance was not whether the newspapers had a right to report the proceedings of a Committee which sat with open doors, and practically invited people to come and hear what was going on, but whether it was right that such letters as that complained of should be produced as evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons; and it is to be regretted that this question was not at once raised, if it was to be raised at all, in a direct and straightforward manner. The facts of the case are simply these. Captain BEDFORD PIM lately appeared as a witness before the Committee on Foreign Loans, and in the course of his evidence made grave charges against M. HERRAN, the Honduras Minister at Paris. Immediately afterwards the Chairman of the Committee received a letter purporting to be written by M. HERRAN, in which the writer defended himself from the attacks made on him, and retaliated very sharply on Captain PIM. It does not appear that any steps were taken to ascertain the authenticity of this communication, and in any case it contained merely a series of sweeping allegations without any details to support them. This letter, which was in French, was translated by a member of the Committee, and read aloud as part of the proceedings, and as such it was reproduced by the reporters. Most people will probably be of opinion that the reading of the letter was a mistake. M. HERRAN had no doubt a right to be heard in self-defence, but he should have been informed that a written statement could not be accepted in lieu of oral evidence tested by examination, and that, if he had anything to say, he must take the trouble to come to London and say it, or at least supply more precise details. Captain PIM's testimony had been given on oath,

and he had been subjected to a close cross-examination; and it was only fair that similar conditions should be observed with regard to the evidence on the other side. If, however, an error has been committed in this respect, it is clearly the members of the Committee, and not the reporters, who are to blame for it. The alleged libel was published when it was read aloud to the public in the Committee-room, and the newspapers merely circulated a statement which had been allowed to go forth with the countenance of the Committee. Consequently, if there was anything wrong in the matter, it was the Committee which was responsible for it, and which ought to have been called to account. The plan of denouncing all reporting of Parliamentary proceedings as a breach of privilege in order to discredit certain disclosures in a particular case very much resembles the Chinese practice of burning down a house in order to roast a pig. The alleged mischief was not in the ordinary system of reporting, but only in the matter which in a certain case was provided for the reporters; and the remedy was therefore obviously to be sought, not in restricting the freedom of reporting, but in preventing documents which ought not to be published from being put forth by Committees. Mr. Lowe's assumption that the proceedings of an open Committee which had been daily reported at full length in the newspapers were to be regarded as a profound secret which nobody could be permitted to refer to, was of a piece with the other affectations and hypocrisies of the night. It is no doubt a sound general rule that the current proceedings of a Committee should not be discussed in the House, but it does not follow that a Committee is thereby released from every kind of supervision and control. It can hardly be pretended, for instance, that a Committee has a right, in Mr. LEWIS's words, to scatter libels broadcast over the country; and if there is any ground for supposing that the Foreign Loans Committee has erred in this way, there is no reason why the question should not be looked into. Nothing could be more disastrous than that the House should busy itself with regular supervision of the work which it has delegated to Committees, but then there may be exceptional cases in which it is necessary that a Committee should be arrested in a flagrantly improper course of conduct. However that may be, it is at least clear that it is the Committee and not the newspapers which ought to be held responsible for the manner in which its proceedings are conducted.

There is another point in this discussion on which there appears to have been some misconception. Mr. LEWIS repeatedly spoke as if an aggravated feature of the alleged libel was that it was directed against a member of the House of Commons, and he seemed to suggest that the House was bound to exercise a sort of special guardianship over the reputation of its members. A variety of reasons will at once occur to every one why the House of Commons ought not to attempt any duty of this kind. In the first place, it has much more important business to attend to; and in the next place it could not undertake to protect members from personal imputations, unless it was at the same time prepared to offer a guarantee for the personal respectability of all its members, which would be in some cases rather an awkward obligation. The House of Commons, like all large assemblies at the present day, is a very mixed body, and there is obvious prudence in not looking too curiously into its personal composition. If the House of Commons were bound to protect its members against all attacks which might be made on them out of doors, it would be entitled to require that they should not mix themselves up in transactions which might expose them to unpleasant reflections. The only sound and safe principle in such a case is that which was recently confirmed when Dr. KENEALY claimed the intervention of the House on his behalf—namely, that the House has nothing whatever to do with any member except in his Parliamentary capacity. In the present instance it is immaterial whether the alleged libel was aimed at a member of the House or at any other person. The only question is whether it is such a piece of evidence as ought to be received by a Select Committee.

INSPECTION AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE reasons which determine the publication of Parliamentary papers are sometimes hard to fathom. On Tuesday last there appeared a Blue-book containing Reports from the Local Government Board Inspectors on the work-

ing of the Public Health Act. Though the Act was passed in 1872, we should not have complained if the Inspectors had waited until April 1875 to estimate its effect on the sanitary condition of the country. It could not be expected that so many newly created authorities would settle down to their work without a good deal of time being lost, and neither the strong nor the weak points of the Act could be discovered except by the test of experience. Now that a trial extending over two complete years had furnished the Inspectors with materials for forming something like a deliberate judgment on this point, their Reports promised to be really worth having, and no time could be better chosen for their appearance than the Session which is to see the consolidation of the whole body of sanitary law.

If any of our readers have indulged in expectations of this kind they cannot dismiss them too quickly. The Reports which have been printed this week are nearly a year old, and they relate almost exclusively to the negotiations between the Inspectors and the local sanitary authorities with regard to the appointment of Officers of Health and Inspectors of Nuisances. The importance of this preliminary process is undoubted, and if the description of it had been published anywhere near the date at which it was completed, it would have possessed considerable interest. By this time, however, these officers have been at work for something like two years, and it is not premature to wish that something could be known of the manner in which they have discharged their duties. The Local Government Board have probably the means of satisfying any reasonable curiosity that may be felt on the former point. Later and more general Reports than those included in the return which has been printed must have been presented by their Inspectors, and some at least of the uncertainties which were felt as to the effect of the Public Health Act must be in a fair way to be cleared up. It would be well, for example, to know what has really been done by the sanitary authorities since they entered upon their new duties. Have they begun by instituting a thorough investigation of the sanitary state of their districts? Unless this has been done, it may be said, with tolerable certainty, that the majority even of well-intentioned sanitary authorities are altogether ignorant of the magnitude of the work that lies before them. "Until you put before their eyes a picture the truth of which they shall not be able to question of the actual state of their dwellings, people who from birth have been accustomed to them will hesitate to admit the existence of nuisances that are patent, offensive to all sense of decency, and the fruitful sources of disease." This is Mr. DOYLE's opinion as regards his district, and what is true of Wales is probably equally true of England. He looked forward—this was written in October 1872—to the publication of full and trustworthy reports upon the sanitary state of the country as likely to be more effective than any other means that could be adopted in convincing people of all ranks of the necessity of extensive sanitary improvements. Considering that two years and a half have intervened between the writing and the publication of his Report, a note might at least have been added to say how far Mr. DOYLE's advice to the Guardians to obtain such Reports has been followed out. He was then convinced from the spirit in which the Act had been received in Wales that the Local Government Board might confidently reckon upon very satisfactory progress. There has been time since then to ascertain whether this conviction was well or ill founded. If any of Mr. DOYLE's Reports were to be published, it seems a pity that his last was not included as well as his first. It would be interesting again to know what has been done in the way of improved drainage or water supply. It is certain that there are many towns and villages in which both these requisites are in a great measure wanting, and now that in every part of the country there is an authority specially charged with the provision of them, it is natural to look to the Reports of the Local Government Board Inspectors for information as to the policy of this authority. Mr. LONGE, writing a year ago, says that in his district very little has been done in either of these respects, and he attributes this to the uncertainty of sanitary science and of sanitary law. The need of improvement may be well known, the Officer of Health may even have officially certified it, and yet the authorities will have remained inactive, partly from hesitation as to the right measures to be taken, and partly from inability to determine how the expense can equitably

be distributed. Probably Mr. LONGE's statement is as true now as when it was written, but there was no need to publish a Report dating from the spring of 1874, without a word to indicate whether the Inspector's opinion has been confirmed or modified by the experience of twelve more months. When a statute of the universal importance of the Public Health Act is worked under the superintendence of a Government department, and when this department exercises its control through the agency of Inspectors, there is no excuse for leaving the public in the dark as to the zeal and ability of the local authorities. It may not be always prudent to print the whole of an Inspector's Report, but there can be no objection to the publication of his estimate of the general progress of sanitary improvement in his district. If this had been done during the last two years Parliament would have been better able to pronounce what further amendments are needed before giving to the sanitary laws that partial finality with which consolidation seems naturally to invest them.

The Reports which have now appeared show that the policy of the Local Government Board in endeavouring in the first instance to enlist the good will of the local authorities by leaving them a very large amount of liberty in determining the arrangements best suited to their own localities has, on the whole, been successful. "It has secured," says Mr. HENLEY, "a cordiality of acceptance which would certainly not have been accorded to it had the attempt been made to force upon the country any uniform scheme, however symmetrically or scientifically correct." It is of extreme moment to obtain this acceptance, because, as Mr. HENLEY goes on to point out, the great bulk of the sanitary work needed in the country is not of a kind to call for the intervention of skilled engineers. Nothing more is needed than that landlords should build decently wholesome houses, and that those who live in them should keep them decently clean. If the Local Government Board had begun by quarrelling with the great proportion of the authorities subject to its jurisdiction, it would have proved impossible to get these comparatively slight improvements effected. The Central Government cannot constitute itself Scavenger-General, and regulate from Whitehall the precise position and contents of every dust-bin in the kingdom. The regulation of these matters must be left to the local authorities, and, if they are to be left to them with any good effect, local authorities must act with some degree of good will. Nor are the merits of the rival theories as to the size of the area to be entrusted to each Officer of Health so well ascertained as to make it wise to impose any iron rule upon the subject. At the same time it is gradually becoming clear that there is a certain type of local authority which will forego repayment from the Parliamentary grant in order to retain the appointment of an Officer of Health in their own hands. This is especially the case, says Mr. CORBETT, "in those localities where chemical works, and other manufactories emitting noxious vapours and poisonous refuse, are the prevailing trades," and where these trades "are in the hands of the most influential members of the sanitary authority or of their near relations." The liberty at present given to authorities of this class to keep these Officers of Health free from the control of the Local Government Board, provided that they do not ask for the repayment of their salaries, must be regarded as strictly provisional. The importance of ascertaining when and where it ought to be withdrawn is another reason why the Reports of the Inspectors should be regularly and promptly published.

TITLES.

THE love of titles, like love of dress, must be considered an implicit confession of weakness on the part of humanity. It thus owns a need to be bolstered up; it confesses itself to be not self-supporting. There is in some few men a sense of fitness for any part they may be called to play, of power to be somebody without external aid, which renders distinctions in their case superfluous. What can titles do for them more than the fame which unassisted they can secure to themselves? But this is a very rare state of mind; there is no doubt that titles can help a very real reputation, that they confer some solid satisfaction, and fit in with a natural fastidiousness of which no one need be ashamed. To be one of a crowd is to be hustled, to be exposed to small ignominies (which may no doubt be very good for most of us), to have our individuality disregarded. Now a title worth having gives elbow-room. All recognized

distinction secures play for certain qualities of mind and character which equality with others snubs and keeps under. It imparts a certain liberty to say and do things with a right to expect attention and appreciation. We are talking now of the individual, but of course the rule equally applies to titled classes in intercourse with inferiors. The privilege as well as the trial of rank is that it provides a theatre for the play of the more congenial points of our nature. We do not show equally well all round; title offers a good light, and opens a way for special and favourite graces to expand towards their perfection. Thus Miss Austen's Sir William Lucas, knighted during his mayoralty, being "by nature inoffensive, friendly, and obliging, his presentation at St. James's had made him courteous."

The relation between the man who is distinguished and those who alone give distinction its value, and the share of human infirmity which attaches to each party in the relationship, have occupied the speculation of many wise heads. This above all is the theatre which needs spectators, for "all distinctions are useful to men only as they act in public; it were a romantic madness for a man to be a lord in his closet." "Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy, for if they judge by their own feeling they cannot find it; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then are they happy, as it were, by report"—that is, according to Bacon, they are happy in having what others want. That men in this frame should be complimented and made much of would seem to tell well for the humility and amiableness of the craving multitude; but in no case is the moralist more severe than on the views and preferences of men of the ordinary sort in the matter of distinction. The glory that emanates from virtue alone is rarely accorded by mankind, says one. "Let no one," observes Pascal, "ridicule those who aspire to honour through office and high place. For men are loved and honoured for borrowed qualities only. All men naturally hate one another." It may be on this principle of the superior loveableness of borrowed qualities that Mr. Disraeli's observation, with the scene which gives occasion for it, is founded. "Certainly, my Lord," said the box-keeper, on receiving an overpowering honorarium. "He knows me," thought Lothair. "But it was not so. When the British nation is at once grateful and enthusiastic, they always call you 'my Lord.'"

Till he is tried a man never knows how far unaccustomed honours will affect him. The first feeling probably is that they will make no difference; but he may be certain that in some way or other they will make a difference, though what that difference will be a man must have rare self-knowledge to foresee. So many people are entirely ignorant of themselves—their habit of thought indeed not affording room for such knowledge—they are so little to be trusted in their most earnest asseverations when they assume themselves to be uninfluenced by the common motives which sway mankind, that we should not believe any one on such a point unless his antecedent course proved that he had willingly renounced chances of distinction, or deliberately turned from the road that led towards it. This is a question which does not in practice perplex the mind or call for any decision with most of us, because honours and titles are as much out of ordinary possibility with most Englishmen as the growth of another foot of stature. The abstract view of such matters belongs, not to the man, but to his times; to despise or to desire them is a mere fashion of speech. Of some few men we may safely believe their professed indifference when once habit has fixed an active mind and lively imagination in one strain. We can as little fancy Charles Lamb pleased to be Sir Charles as happy in that final elevation which he pictures for himself as "Pope Innocent"; and Horace Walpole, who had shone as a commoner, was bored by the slow processes of growing old and dying a peer. Our subject, however, does not properly touch on hereditary honours, but only on those which are newly acquired and self-attained.

Titles and the flatteries of courtesy must necessarily have most charm for those who find them the only road to distinction. If women could entrance the Commons by their eloquence, they would be as reluctant as manly orators to be raised to the Upper House. As it is, they have a right to estimate mere rank, of any degree, highly, for probably to them it makes the most substantial difference. To be "My Lady" under any conditions secures a woman a great deal of consideration in her contact with the world, and the citizen who is genuinely shy of knight-hood on his own account, and personally gains little by it, yet has reflected honour and satisfaction in the observance of which his wife is the object. Yet, in obedience to fashion, the lady adopts the tone of the day quite naturally. Her friends, indeed, as she informs her hearers, profess playful envy at her elevation, but really it makes absolutely no difference to herself. She happens to be so constituted that such things have no weight with her. Other people, she knows, think of rank, but she does not understand the feeling. And yet there is very perceptible a great enlargement and expansion of self. She finds herself in a position to express her feelings and sentiments at a length and with a confidence unfelt before. She finds herself in a different relation with old friends, and enjoys the position in honest ignorance whence the pleasure is derived.

There was a time when honours were without any scruple taken as they were meant; a title was a recognized good thing which not only all would have if they could, but which they were not ashamed openly to glory and rejoice in. Everybody exacted as much homage from those he deemed beneath him as

he could screw out of them. Of course at that time title implied power to uphold it; any failure in respect could be punished with a high hand. It was an anachronism in De Quincey's "proud Speaker," who, after repeatedly signing a waggoner out of his way by a haughty wave of the hand, at last announced himself the Right Honourable the Speaker of the House of Commons. At the proper period for such a revelation the man would have been on his knees begging for his life, but, as it was he had the best of it. "Who, if so be as thou canst speak, why didn't a speak afore?" When invention employed itself in devising fresh terms of honour for an insatiable self-glorification, a title was a weapon, and made the man really more formidable to his neighbours. Manzoni, in his great novel, dwells on this growth of titles among the overbearing nobility of the period in which its scenes are laid:—titles of courtesy, dimension, altitude, magnitude, and so on; the impossibility of satisfying the insatiable appetite for the flattery of homage. "I will give notice at once to his Eminence," says the Curé. "And who is his Eminence?" asks Agnes, his rustic auditor. "His Eminence is our Lord Cardinal Archbishop," he replies. "Oh, here you must excuse me," says the good woman, who, having had the honour of a visit from the saintly Federigo Borromeo, felt herself an authority. "Ignorant as I am, I can take my oath that when he talked to us, as I might talk to you, one of his priests took me aside to tell me that I must call him Vossignoria Illustrissima, and Monsignor." "And now," reiterates the Curé, "you must call him your Eminence because the Pope (Urban VIII.) has ordered it so." And he goes on to explain that so many smaller men would assume the Illustrissimo intended only for Cardinals and great princes, "and will have it" that there was nothing for it but to devise something new. And he indulges in prophecy. "By little and little Bishops will be 'your Eminence,' and then Abbots, and so on, and so on." "And curés?" slyly asks the widow. "No, no," he answers, "the curés do the work, they draw the cart, and will be just 'your Reverence,' and nothing more, to the end of the world."

What was once dear to human nature can hardly have ceased to be grateful to it. Deference and distinction cannot have lost their power over men's minds; but circumstances have so altered cases that a man can no longer own to this conformity to a natural instinct without reservations and punctilio. A pervading spirit of bashfulness does not allow people to confess, or perhaps to feel it, comfortably. It is a sentiment which has to be cunningly disguised from the innermost heart. It is the fashion now to accept honour as a burden, as a painful duty; or as only indirectly agreeable, as being pleasing to somebody else who is less exceptionally endowed with magnanimity and philosophy. It is a bore to be My Lord or Sir John, but an old father will be pleased, or a wife's ears will be tickled, by a new address or designation; or a lofty title is only tolerable as involving trial and danger, as heading "a forlorn hope" against a wicked, persecuting world. The newly illustrious turns tables upon the obscure, and talks of the blessings of lowly station.

Titles have been laid down, no doubt, in disgust for the trouble they involved, by kings and potentates retreating into private life; by princesses and great ladies in the cloister, and even in the world. But if the process of dis-investiture is done effectually, and the manner of friends, attendants, and society is adjusted and familiarized to the new state of things, there must be many awkward moments. Those who have thus stripped themselves share the experience of a fine lady exchanging on some emergency the seclusion of her carriage for the cheek by jowl of a crowded omnibus. Room and observance are such natural requirements when once experienced, that for mind or body to miss them must bring a sense of privation. Even those who are hopeless of that general elevation of mankind which is the dream of the optimist may uphold the credit of titles and honours as an idea not to be dispensed with. What a terrible flatness would fall over the romance of the world if marchionesses, Lady Marys, dukes, and earls, kings, princes, and emperors, were to be lost to it; if no child of good fortune could be lifted out of the level of his birth into a harmonious sphere of courtesies and high solemnities, of deference, respect, and honour. The man who is least ambitious on his own account would feel life to be a duller thing if no one could rise, and rise by fortunate chances; by a combination of luck with qualities which the world appreciates and has need of; by boldness, pertinacity of aim, and the art of rising.

As for the personal greatness which owes nothing to fortune, and comes without one's trying for it, inevitably as it were, the world is too humble to place that among its ambitions. The thought rather dwells on honour that can be aspired to on the one hand or conferred on the other. Men recognize the highest qualities; but to reward them is out of their sphere. "After personal merit," writes La Bruyère, "we must grant that it is from eminent titles and great dignities that men derive the highest distinctions and *éclat*. He who cannot aspire to be an Erasmus had best think of being a bishop. *Quelques-uns pour étendre leur renommée entassent sur leurs personnes des Pairies, des Colliers d'Ordres, des Primaties, la Pourpre, et ils auroient besoin d'une Tiare; mais quel besoin à Trophime—what need has Bossuet to be a cardinal?*"

THE DEBATE ON THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS BILL.

REASON won last Wednesday one of those direct triumphs which reason sometimes does win. The second reading of Sir John Lubbock's Bill for the Preservation of Ancient Monu-

ments, thrown out last year by a much more decisive majority, is now carried by a majority, narrow doubtless as compared with some majorities, but which is not the less a sign of the most cheering progress. The space of twelve months has clearly done a great deal to sweep away mere unreasoning prejudice, and to win a hearing for sound argument. It is pleasant to listen to a debate in which a national question is really discussed on its own merits, and not as a question of party politics, a debate in which the division-list does not coincide with the political divisions of the House, but in which speeches on both sides of the question might be heard on both sides of the House. Still special credit is due to those Conservative members who supported the Bill in the teeth both of a Government of their side and of the antiquated prejudices of their party. There has seldom been a debate in which the struggle was more distinctly between reason and prejudice. The most dogged opponents of the Bill, those who can see in the sixty or seventy monuments in the schedule little more than sixty or seventy "properties," and whose one notion of the rights of property shades off into the right of destruction, recognized that at all events a right principle lay under the provisions of this terrible Bill. It was explained to them many times that no right of property but the right of destruction was in any way threatened, and certainly the matter was made clear, as the phrase is, to the meanest capacity. It may in fact be assumed that Mr. Bentinck, Sir George Jenkinson, and the Attorney-General have at last been able to understand that the interference with their idol designed by the Bill was far less than the interference which takes place whenever a railway or any other public improvement is made, or whenever the House passes a Bill for the preservation of commons or the improvement of artisans' dwellings. Sir Charles Legard, indeed, fancied that all owners of property were so fully to be trusted to take care of ancient monuments that it was unkind even to hint that any of them could be otherwise. But he may perhaps have been awakened from his rose-coloured dream by the witness borne by members from all corners of the House that ancient monuments actually were perishing daily.

Two performers, one on each side of the House, we fear we must set down as incorrigible. The exhibition made of himself by Lord Francis Hervey drew on him the merited chastisement of more members than one. It is certainly unpleasant to see a late Scholar of Balliol treat such a subject as this with mere affectation of general contempt for knowledge and culture. Lord Francis may, as Mr. Hope suggested, have got up the history of Britain from Mrs. Markham and Mrs. Trimmer; still we must remember that Scholars of Balliol are sometimes so given up to speculation about the unknown and the unknowable as to deem the history of their own island altogether below their notice. The man who thought it clever to fancy that all primeval remains were the works of naked and painted savages who did something with oaks and misletoe, may be profoundly versed in Plato and Hegel, and may be able to solve all the mysteries of the Unconditioned. Still, as Lord Francis showed himself to the naked eye, one could sympathize even with Mr. Whalley and the Britons of whom Mr. Whalley is the champion, in denouncing such mere trifling as this. Indeed Mr. Whalley may fairly claim sympathy when we see how he figures in the daily papers. From the wild talk of Lord Francis Hervey, and the baby books in which he seemed to have got up his history, Mr. Hope appealed to the results of modern research in the persons of its living leaders. Mr. Whalley, on the other hand, denounced modern research as an invention of monks, issuing from that dangerous place Oxford. But even Mr. Whalley had at least heard of modern research, while the reporters had not. They wiped out the references to it in both speeches, and made Mr. Whalley charge the monks with destroying monuments, while his real charge was that they falsified documents. The great performer on the other side of the House has suffered equally. While Lord Francis Hervey took the jester's part on the Speaker's right, Sir William Harcourt made an attempt in the same line on his left. But small justice has been done to him in the reports. Sir William Harcourt seemed to be in all the glee of having made the discovery of a new word. As "*Nebuchadnezzar*" and "*Mesopotamia*" serve much the same purpose in the ears of devout old women, so in the mouth of Sir William Harcourt "*æsthetical*" seems to be just as effective as "*appanage*." Sir William Harcourt seemed to take a pleasure in saying the word over and over again with a kind of lover's fondness, like a child with a new toy, or a devotee with a new saint. But in the daily papers all this disappears; the spring is taken out of Sir William Harcourt's year. Not a touch of æsthetics has made its way into the *Times*; there is only the feeblest echo in the *Standard*. But to those who heard with their own ears, one chief object of Sir William Harcourt seemed to be to show that the Bill was an "*æsthetical*" Bill, devised by "*æsthetical*" persons for "*æsthetical*" purposes. As we cannot suppose that Sir William Harcourt has failed to get up the whole history of the word "*æsthetical*" from the most remote Aryan root, the inference is that he either looks on Stonehenge and Avebury as things which are simply pretty, or else that he fancies that there are some other people who look upon them as simply pretty. Sir William Harcourt's notions of what primeval monuments are can be paralleled only by Sir Charles Legard's notions of when primeval monuments were made. Sir William Harcourt looks on them as "*æsthetical* objects"; Sir Charles Legard looks on those who care for them as "*medieval* curiosity-mongers." When people talk in this kind of way one can laugh at them. When

Lord Francis Hervey, finding "stones at Shap" in the schedule, asks whether Shap is "a very stony place," we cannot even laugh. Mere silliness does not reach to the dignity of a blunder.

The debate on the whole was highly creditable to the House. Several Scotch and Irish members especially did themselves honour by speaking up for the monuments of their several countries, in some cases for the credit of their own forefathers. A staid representative of English landed rights met with his fitting chastisement at the hands of one of them. Colonel Kingscote complained that an object on his own property was put down in the schedule, and therefore denounced the Bill. We know not whether this means the great remains on Uleybury; but at any rate the sooner a "power of restraint" is set up to protect such a monument the better. But Mr. Stewart presently rose to say that he too had found a monument on his own land put in the schedule, and, instead of complaining, he rejoiced at it. These two little speeches mark well the spirit in which the Bill is supported and attacked. They mark the difference between the obstructive who cannot rise above the contemplation of his own acres, and the man who understands that there are such things as the advancement of knowledge and the credit of England among civilized nations. So Dr. Lush, the natural guardian of the mighty ditches of Old Salisbury, was ready to bear witness that the spirit of Sir Richard Hoare had not wholly vanished from the land of Stonehenge and Avebury, and that all the men of Wiltshire are not as Sir George Jenkinson. And much that fell from the lips of various members leads one to think that, some day or other, the objects of the Bill may be extended, and that mediæval, as well as primæval, monuments may be made safe against Colonel Kingscote and his brethren.

With regard to the action of the Government in the matter, it is a great point that the second reading was carried in spite of their scruples, and that largely by the votes of Conservative members. The Government objections to the Bill were all brought against points of detail, against the mode of procedure, against things in short which may be altered in Committee. Even the Attorney-General, who looks on Stonehenge as from the heights of Lincoln's Inn, and who fancies that there is an analogy between a picture in a gallery and a cromlech by the roadside, fully assented to the preamble. Mr. Smith did so yet more distinctly in the name of the Government. It is plain from his speech that the Government has no objection to legislation on the subject. But it would not have done to withdraw the Bill on his promise. Let points of detail be improved in Committee, by a Select Committee, by a hybrid Committee, in any way in short that may be thought good. The measure may very likely not become law this year in any shape. But the principle of the Bill is asserted. An answer, and the right answer, has been given to the question whether England is or is not entitled to the name of a civilized country. That name can never belong to any country which refuses to look with respect on the monuments of its early history.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

NOTHING is more frequent than to hear that such a one is a born actor, and yet nothing is more rare than to find an ordinary play even passably performed by an amateur company. Ladies and gentlemen act indifferently well on the carpet of society, but lose their courage and become incapable of deception just when artifice would be appropriate to the boards of some more or less inconvenient stage. The reason for this may be found in an excess of modesty; but, on the other hand, it may also arise from too much conceit. There are blushing men, as well as maidens, who cannot face the gaze of a well-filled drawing-room because they honestly doubt their power to amuse others; there are more of both who will not make the attempt because they dread to make fools of themselves. With so much hindrance from virtue on this side, and from the absence of it on that, it is surprising that private theatricals have become of late years a favourite pastime; when, moreover, in addition to their want of success, they too often rouse a greater amount of jealousy and of heart-burning in the course of a week than, with any other recipe for setting people by the ears, can be concocted in a twelvemonth. We must be content to leave the explanation among the numerous problems which Lord Dunsinore is unable to solve, and deal only with the fact as evidenced in its various phases of charades, Shakspeare readings, and genuine plays. Tableaux scarcely come within our range, since they depend for success upon one person, not upon many. Given a manager with sufficient knowledge of colour and eye for artistic effect to regard all his male, and more especially his female, acquaintance as so many suitable or unsuitable lay figures, and it will be hard if he cannot find among them enough to group into a pleasing picture. He is allowed to dress and to place them as he pleases, and, when placed, they have only to remain still and support an unwonted glare of light for a few seconds. Red or blue fire focussed into the eyes is not agreeable, but the consciousness of a becoming dress and a graceful attitude will carry most people through a longer endurance even of that than is ever likely to be necessary.

Except in a novel, where it is no more difficult to endow each member of the company with an equal and a liberal proportion of talent than it is to turn on water to every floor of a town house from the main pipe which runs past the door, charades are so generally, from an artistic point of view, a failure, that they are

seldom inflicted upon any but an audience of children. Schoolboys and their young sisters have a short and simple method of helping their public to guess the word or syllable which their stage-play is meant to express. They either repeat it in season or out of season at frequent intervals during the scene, or they instruct some benevolent senior to proclaim it aloud as the curtain drops. They are wise in their generation, as was the artist who wrote under his four-legged monstrosity, "This is a dog," for without help the secret must have remained undiscovered until doomsday. There is no harshness in condemning the performance of a charade, for, to be successful in any aspect but that of an originator of harmless laughter, it demands such a combination of histrionic genius in the few stray denizens of a country house as would make many a great actor green with jealousy. Each performer has not only to act his part, but to compose it, and he has not even the advantage possessed by a genuine author of exercising absolute control over all his characters, but is like a ship at the mercy of the wind, bound to make his own ideas fit in with every whim of his brother-players. Certainly charades have this recommendation, that neither preparation nor rehearsals are necessary; and chiefly owing to this they often entrap greybeards and men of gravity, who would shrink from a deliberately planned travesty of their natural characteristics, into the hurried putting on of a temporary and usually most ill-fitting buskin.

Shakspeare readings have just as much merit as the disastrous essay of Icarus, and just as appropriate a reward. The professional actor climbs by painful years of study and practice to the representation of Hamlet or Othello. Too often his essay is a failure, and yet he is supported on wings well used to flight, and buoyed up by the important accessories of dress and of an elaborate scenic arrangement. Charles Kean placed the interpretation of Shakspeare at so lofty a height above that of all other authors, that he could scarcely bear with equanimity even a word of praise bestowed on those outside parts which had won him most fame, and had been composed, like Louis XI., expressly to display his peculiar talent. In the same manner, we do not doubt that Mr. Irving takes greater pride, and we think he is right to do so, in groping somewhat blindly after the Prince of Denmark, than in representing Lord Lytton's wily, and yet imperious Cardinal, with that perfection which the greater simplicity of the part and his own physical characteristics have brought within his reach. And yet it is at such an altitude as this that well-meaning people expect to be able to float upon utterly unaccustomed pinions. The greatest dramatist the world has known is not to be translated by a mere reading of the several parts of one of his plays by half-a-dozen commonplace persons, seated at their ease in the more or less comfortable chairs of a modern drawing-room, and arrayed in the unromantic garb of the nineteenth century. Let them meet together in the very strictest privacy by all means, and rant or mumble the great poet with closed doors as often as their nerves can stand it. But they have no business to invite others to come to them on festive thoughts intent, and then to shock them with a burst of homicidal mania that can doubly murder even poor King Hamlet's Ghost.

A taste for acting is more dangerous than a little knowledge; but if amateurism must leave the safe shelter of a mere wish to shine, and risk the stormy sea of performance, we urgently counsel it to look upon charades as Scylla, upon Shakspeare readings as a very Charybdis, and to hold to theatricals proper as the only safe channel. There are numerous pieces, in particular those translated from the French, which do not demand a Roscius for their adequate rendering, and do not trespass on the attractive but treacherous ground where, if one is not sublime, one must be ridiculous. There is usually some one in every circle of friends who, by accident or real work, has gained sufficient standing on the boards to entitle him to the chief part; and there is seldom more than one male character in a small play that cannot be supported passably well by people of average wit. The female characters will present greater difficulty; there are more ladies to choose from, while nearly all pieces have two, if not more, good female parts; but then it must be confessed that women are much less willing than men, at least in small things, to give way to one another. Perhaps the most important, as it is the most thankless, post is that of stage-manager. He has to bear all the brunt of every mishap, both at rehearsal and performance; while, if the affair goes off well, it is the actors alone who get the credit. The most convenient front for a stage is afforded by the opening of a folding-door, which asks no more than that the doors should be slid back or unhung and a curtain put in their place; but the effect is never so pretty as when a complete proscenium is built across the room. In London or the neighbourhood this can be so readily hired for the occasion that it probably will be; but a more graceful, if less professional, front to your theatre may easily be constructed out of the simple elements of a few fir poles, the curtains of any room that has several windows, a little cardboard and coloured paper, and some well-made wreaths of holly and evergreen. The folding-door expedient has one disadvantage in limiting the width of the stage, which may of course by the other plan be extended as much as is wished, provided only that sufficient space be left for the wings, and for the narrow passage all round behind the scenes, which is absolutely necessary to the working of the piece. The scenery had better be hired in all cases where distance does not present an insuperable obstacle. The cost of carriage of the real article is not great, and the very best amateur productions are seldom cheap at any amount of saving. The only exception to this rule is when the whole plot happens to be laid in the same

room, or perhaps two. Then screens may be easily provided by an ordinary carpenter, which may be hung with a pretty paper or chintz, upon which windows can be draped and pictures arranged by private hands fully as well as by any professional scene-painter. In the same manner a change of room may be effected in a few minutes by covering the same screens with different hangings, which have been turned back out of sight until wanted. The curtain ought to be so slight a difficulty that it is provoking to see how poor a makeshift is generally accepted as sufficient. There should always be a prettily decorated drop-scene, and the heavy mantle of green baize which now comes in most instances creaking and tumbling down between every act, should be reserved for its proper place at the end. So little trouble will make a cord run freely, and such simple management will put foot-lamps where they will throw light and not shadow upon the actors, that it would be provoking, if it were not comical, to watch the frequent catastrophes brought about by want of attention to these particulars. We were present once at a very fair performance where a rather difficult style of piece was carried through not unsuccessfully, until the last, when all the people who had just assisted at the death of the hero, and finally the dead man himself, were forced to quit their positions and struggle with the curtain which obstinately declined to move. Rehearsal is a necessary, but an unmitigated nuisance, and, should two lovers chance to be included in the company, becomes almost unbearable. It is, however, only by frequent rehearsal that half the minor characters are taught to turn their faces, and not their backs, to the audience, to refrain from covering their bodies with the arm nearest to the footlights, or to conquer the self-consciousness which makes them keep their eyes continually twisted to the back of the stage, as if, like the ostrich whose head only is buried in the sand, their whole person was by this means rendered less conspicuous. Costume is a wonderful help to forgetfulness of self, but, like other good things, must be indulged only in moderation. A man, if too smartly dressed, may be lifted out of his *mauvaise honte*, but he has a tendency to look as if he never forgot his clothes; on the other hand, a woman rises with her wardrobe, and not unfrequently puts on genius as well as confidence with her sparkling diamonds and her becoming gown.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF DRYDEN.

IT is probable that no great English writer was ever less influenced by the scenery and associations that surrounded his early life than Dryden. There is not, as Wordsworth has remarked, "a single image from nature in the whole body of his works." It is true that Northamptonshire "nature" is not the most picturesque in the world; yet it is not without its own tenderness and beauty, and might well have affected the imagination of a youthful poet in the smallest degree open to receive its impressions. There is no trace in Dryden of local feeling, or of love for the streams and the meadows along which he wandered as a schoolboy. Yet he was constantly in the country, and rejoiced in visits to his Northamptonshire friends, partly perhaps, as Malone suggests, because his wife, Lady Elizabeth, with whom his relations were never very agreeable, "could not accompany him." He was often at Tichmarsh with his mother's family, and he spent part of the last two summers of his life at Cotterstock, the house of his cousin, Mrs. Steward; where, however, in spite of Bridges' direct statement, and the received county tradition, he did not write his Fables, "the noblest specimen of versification," wrote George Ellis to Scott, "that is to be found in any modern language." It does not appear that he was much at Canons Ashby, then, as now, belonging to the head of the Dryden family; but the valley of the Nen is full of "recollections" of the poet, and from the high ground near Tichmarsh five or six church spires are in sight, with each of which he was in some manner connected. In spite of the fact that the country seems in no degree to have influenced the genius of Dryden, it is impossible to visit his birthplace and the scenes on which he must have so often looked without much interest. If he cared nothing for the beauty of the winding Nen, he now and then went fishing along its banks, and "caught a lusty pike" or two; and we have letters written to his cousins which give us curious hints as to his manner of life when he came among them from the noise of London and the domestic discomforts of his house in Gerard Street.

The Nen, the least straightforward of rivers, is one of the great highways into the heart of England, and its course is marked by a line of most ancient settlements, not only English, but Roman and British. The broad river valley is bordered on either side by ranges of low hills, on which, close above the green meadows and marshes, but out of danger from winter floods, rises church tower after church tower, each as it were the "front" of the parish attached to it, which stretches far behind into the upland, and forms, or did form before the enclosures of the last century, the "field" or tillage-ground once common to the whole settlement. Barnack stone, for building, and supplies of all kinds came easily by the river; and it was thus natural that the village of each manor or parish, with its church, should be placed on the nearest high ground above it. This is the case with the Aldwincles; where, as occurred more frequently in the Eastern and adjoining counties than elsewhere, a brace of closely connected lordships or manors has developed, each into a separate parish, with its own church and its own village, although the street of one runs into the street of the

other, and the churches are not separated by the length of an arrow-flight. The Aldwincle villages, on less elevated ground than usual, lie along the further side of the *wincel*—the "corner" of land from which the place is named—formed by an unusually deep bend of the Nen. Each has its worthy, representing fitly enough the ecclesiastical lords of one manor, and the lay lords of the other. In the rectory of Aldwincle St. Peter's, where, as he tells us, his father was the "painful preacher," was born in 1608 Thomas Fuller, the historian of the English Church. In that of Aldwincle All Saints, John Dryden was born in 1631. In both cases the month and day of birth are unknown. Fuller's baptism is recorded on the 19th of June. The registers of Aldwincle All Saints before 1650 are no longer in existence. But there is not the smallest reason for believing that the poet, as certain of his opponents asserted, was "a bristled Baptist bred," or that he was not duly baptized in his grandfather's church.

John Dryden, the poet, was the eldest child of Erasmus Dryden, third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, the first baronet of Canons Ashby, and of Mary Pickering, granddaughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, of Tichmarsh. The godfather of Sir Erasmus had been the great scholar himself, who gave his own name to the son of his friend. The father of Mary Pickering was Henry, younger son of Sir Gilbert, who became rector of Aldwincle All Saints in 1597, and died there in 1637, at the age of seventy-five. These dates are recorded on an altar tomb in the churchyard, the inscription on which is only to be made out at certain hours of the day, and was consequently misread by Bridges, who does not bring Henry Pickering to Aldwincle until 1647, sixteen years after the poet was born there. The difficulty was felt to be almost as great as in the famous "sighting" of the Spanish fleet, and it is only quite recently that the present rector of Aldwincle St. Peter's, the Rev. Henry Ward, has disposed of the question by a right reading of the words and figures on the tomb. To him also we are indebted for an examination of the registers in the church of Pilton, about three miles north of Aldwincle, where, as tradition had always asserted, the parents of "glorious John" were married. The entry has accordingly been found, under October 21, 1630. The spelling in the register is "Dreydon." The poet himself adopted the form "Dryden," and gave thereby considerable dissatisfaction to other members of his family, who, long afterwards, retained the older spelling "Driden." Why the marriage took place at Pilton rather than at Aldwincle does not appear, but we can hardly infer that the match was a stolen one. At any rate the young couple were at Aldwincle in the following year, when the poet was born. The rectory, its grounds and garden, and the fine church tower, form a very picturesque group at the entrance of the village. The house is long and low, with a projecting oriel westward, and one or two panelled rooms, which may very well be Elizabethan. A room over the entrance has been shown, it is said for the last two centuries, as that in which the poet was born. It was at one time, to all appearance, the best chamber; but it has been lessened and altered, and we have to "make believe" a little before we can restore it to its condition in 1631.

Tichmarsh, where was the home of Erasmus and Mary Dryden, is in sight from Aldwincle, across the river, and on much higher ground. Erasmus Dryden is described as "of Tichmarsh" in the patent which, long after his death, created his son poet-laureate; and John Dryden remained here with his parents until (the year is unknown) he was admitted a King's scholar at Westminster, under the famous Dr. Busby. "We boast," runs an inscription in the church, "that he was bred and had his first learning here"; and it is at Tichmarsh, if anywhere, that we should look for some surviving traces of him. But "all-eating time," in old Fuller's words, "has left but scanty fragments in the dish." The church, a building of the fourteenth century, with a superb Perpendicular tower, has been restored; and, although there has been little destruction of old work, it is not without some doubt and hesitation that we can accept the evidence of its later monuments, some of which have been made to change places. Here, however, still remains the memorial, with its elaborate inscription, erected in 1722 by Elizabeth Creed, the poet's cousin, in honour of him and of his parents. Erasmus Dryden, we are told, "was a very ingenious, worthy gentleman, and Justice of the Peace in this county." His wife "was a crown to her husband." Of their fourteen children, the eldest was "John Dryden, Esq., the celebrated poet and laureate of his time. We boast that he was bred and had his first learning here, where he has often made us happy by his kind visits and most delightful conversation. . . . and after seventy years, when nature could be no longer supported, he received the notice of his approaching dissolution with sweet submission and entire resignation to the Divine will; and he took so tender and obliging a farewell of his friends as none but he himself could have expressed, of which sorrowful number I was one." Above the tablet is a bust, wooden in every sense, inscribed "The Poet." Mrs. Creed was an indefatigable artist and inditer of monumental inscriptions. She painted altar tables, creeds, and commandments for half the churches on this side of Northamptonshire; and, if we may judge from the few which remain (there is a monument of her painting in Tichmarsh Church), her skill was not inconsiderable. Like the Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, she set up memorials of her race everywhere, and, after the fashion of the same great lady, never forgot a little compliment to herself at the end. "It is with delight and humble thankfulness," she adds, at the foot of the Dryden inscription, "that I am now, with my own hand, paying my duty to Sir Erasmus Dryden, my great-grandfather, and to

Erasmus Dryden, Esq., my honoured uncle, in the eightieth year of my age." She is herself buried here, beneath a monument graced by an urn and a couple of sauce-bolts, for which, it may be hoped, she was in no way responsible.

The parvise chamber, above the south porch of the church, has a window looking into the nave, and was used as the "closet" or pew of the Pickerings. In it Dryden must often have sat through discourses of more than one hour-glass in length; for both Drydens and Pickerings were zealous Puritans, and the "preachers" they appointed were no less painful than pious. The Pickering manor-house immediately fronted this porch. A clock, which still exists, was set in the wall of the tower, so that it might be visible from their windows; and a covered wooden erection (such is the local tradition) extended from the lych-gate to the porch, lest the wigs and toupees of the Pickering masters and mistresses should be disturbed in the transit. A very fine elm tree alone marks the site of the house. Its age is uncertain; but in the rectory garden is a more remarkable tree, on which the poet must certainly have looked. This is a cedar of Lebanon; and perhaps the finest in this country. It was planted in 1627, and is said to have been then twenty years old. It has now a height of 67 feet, and a circumference (round the furthest boughs) of 270. It feathers quite to the ground, and its mass of twisted and contorted limbs—wonderful to see, and impossible to describe—supports a vast tent of silvery grey, gleaming in the sunshine, and still bearing numberless cones.

The Pickering manor-house was standing until the end of the last century; and not far from it was another house, hardly less lately, belonging to the Creeds of Oundle, the head of which family married Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, whose fame is in her monuments. Through all their generations the Pickerings retained the same character, and were fiery-tempered, somewhat rude Puritans. Henry Pickering, the grandfather of Dryden, was no exception to this rule; and there is a story of his encounter, when a young man, with a suspected witch, whom he told that, "if she did not repent, he hoped to see her one day burning at a stake, when he would bring wood and faggots, and the children" (whom she had bewitched) "should blow the coals." Sir Gilbert Pickering, father of Henry, was so noted for his opposition to the Catholics that the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot, of whom his own brother-in-law was one, had resolved on his murder as an episode to the main design, and had determined, if we are to believe Caulfield, so to arrange it as to throw the suspicion of the destruction of the Parliament on the Puritans, and on this Sir Gilbert in particular. A later Sir Gilbert Pickering whom the poet visited at Tichmarsh, and who was his cousin, was known as "fiery Pickering," and was one of the judges of King Charles, though he did not sit in court on the final day. The Drydens were hardly less decided in their political and religious views, and there had been marriage connexions between the families before the wedding in Pilton church. It may very well have been that the austere severity witnessed by young Dryden in the houses of his relatives predisposed him to take the opposite side, and led to that "defection" which at first they were little disposed to forgive. On the death of his father in 1654 the poet succeeded to a small estate near Blakesley, in a distant part of the county, which produced him about sixty pounds a year. But he rarely visited it. His rents were often brought to London by the "Carrier of Towcester," and it was not until the later years of his life that he was much in his native county. The beginning of his career in London was not without hardship. "I remember," says a correspondent of Mr. Urban as late as 1745—can it have been Claud Halcro himself?—"plain John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich-drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the Mulberry Garden, when our author advanced to a sword and a Chadreux wig."

The only references to his visits at Tichmarsh and the neighbourhood are contained in the poet's own letters. He was there, as he writes to Jacob Tonson, in September 1695, and on one occasion sat up all night, "out of civility to benighted strangers"—four ladies and two gentlemen—on whose account he resigned his bed; "and if," he adds, "I had not taken a very lusty pike that day, they must have gone supperless." He had "taken his place in the Oundle coach for Tuesday, and hoped to be in London on Wednesday night." Mr. Southern and Mr. Congreve had promised to ride out to meet him, and to give him "the favour of their company for the last four miles." Mrs. Creed can hardly have been at Tichmarsh during this visit; and certainly not in 1698, when he complains that "he had no woman to visit but the parson's wife; and she, who was intended by nature as a helpmeet for a deaf husband, was somewhat of the loudest for my conversation; and for other things I will say no more than that she is just your contrary"—he is writing to his cousin Mrs. Steward—"and an epitome of her own country." He was grievously incommoded in his coach journeys by "fat old women, fatter than any of mine hostesses"; and sometimes by the "master of the stage," who seems to have wandered out of the main roads at will; so that he missed two couple of rabbits which Mr. Creed had promised him, "and was likewise disappointed of Mr. Cole's Ribadavia wine." Yet very good things found their way from Northamptonshire to Gerard Street. One cousin sends him "a turkey hen with eggs, and a good young goose." Another is thanked for a plover; and Mrs. Steward seems to have supplied the poet with marrow puddings, which his sons admired, though for himself he writes:—"If beggars might be choosers, a part of a chine of honest bacon

would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings; for I like them better plain; having a very vulgar stomach."

Mrs. Steward, the daughter of Mrs. Creed, was in these latter years of Dryden's life settled at Cotterstock, an old Tudor house on the left bank of the Nen, a mile or two north of Oundle. She was an artist like her mother, and painted the hall at Cotterstock in what is called "fresco," no trace of which is to be seen at present. Her husband, Elmes Steward, was a great sportsman. Both were full of kindness to Dryden; and two visits were certainly paid to them by the poet in 1698 and 99, the two years during which he was busy with the Fables. But it is evident, from the dates of his letters, that neither of these visits exceeded three weeks or a month. He describes himself at other times as "still drudging at a book of Miscellanies" (the Fables), "which I hope will be well enough"; and if he did anything to them in the country, it can only have been in the way of retouching. "If your house be often so molested," he writes to Mrs. Steward, "you will have reason to be weary of it before the ending of the year; and wish Cotterstock were planted in a desert, an hundred miles off from any poet." The country round Cotterstock much resembles the rest of the Nen valley; except that to the northward what are called the Forest ridges rise into prominence, and still retain some pleasant tracts of woodland and the ruins of some magnificent oaks. But it does not appear that John Dryden cared a straw for such things; and even Fotheringhay, within full sight of Cotterstock, never provoked a line or a reference.

Mrs. Steward sent the poet in her coach to visit another cousin—John Driden (he retained the old spelling), of Chesterton in Huntingdonshire—whose house, as the name implies, stood within a Roman entrenchment. The opening lines of the translation of the *Æneid* long remained written with a diamond in one of the windows of Chesterton; but the house was pulled down in 1807, and the writing (by the poet's own hand) was not preserved. Dryden died in 1700, just after the publication of the Fables; and among the last verses which he wrote was the Epistle, prefixed to the book, "to my honoured kinsman John Driden." The vigorous, clear-cut verses, showing, in Scott's words, "how genius can gild what it touches," give us the picture of an active justice of peace and an ardent sportsman, once a fox-hunter, now, in more advanced years, a follower of beagles or harriers. It is in this epistle that the well-known lines occur:—

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught—

a rhyme which indicates that our pronunciation of the last word has somewhat changed since the days of "glorious John."

"ORIGINAL SIN" IN THE CITY.

WHEN a man's affairs turn out ill the best thing he can do is not to give way to idle lamentations and bad language, but to fall back upon the consolations of philosophy. This is the lesson which Mr. Ramon de Silva Ferro, the Secretary of the Honduras Legation in London, in a pamphlet which has just been published, endeavours with much eloquence to impress upon the unfortunate persons who have lent money to his Government; and though it may be doubted whether at the present moment the bondholders are exactly in the state of mind to profit fully by the Secretary's calm and dispassionate advice, there is certainly much in what he says which everybody would do well to ponder. He begins by remarking that "so much has been written, said, and declaimed" on the subject of the Honduras Railway; "so unsatisfactory, not to say lamentable," has been the result of the loans contracted for that work; and "so various, extraordinary, and frequently injudicious" the public comments upon everything connected with it, that it is necessary for some one to clear away irrelevant matter and to disclose the real nature of the case; and this is what the Secretary undertakes to do. The first point to which he directs attention is that the construction of the railway has hitherto broken down for the simple reason that "all the combinations which have been attempted for that construction have broken down." This, however, helps us a very little way. It is like saying that a man died of want of breath. We want to know why the breath stopped, why the combinations broke down. And here we come upon the essence of the whole question. The combinations broke down because they were a kind of combinations which could not help breaking down. It was in the nature of things that they should break down, and accordingly they broke down. "The naked truth," the Secretary tells us, "is very sad, it is very bitter; and the truth once known, the fault of the failure falls with equal force upon all who have interests, rights, complaints, or any participation whatever in these matters. It is a kind of *original sin*, which reaches even the most innocent who have anything to do with this undertaking." Indeed, the writer might have gone even further, and shown that this inherent taint attached not only to everybody connected with the Honduras loans, but to humanity at large. It has, in short, been forgotten, in discussing this and other similar subjects, that man is not a perfect creature. He is full of faults and weaknesses, and these are the cause of his troubles. It must be observed that when this principle is fully grasped it simplifies things very much. It prevents us from expecting too much at any time from poor human nature, and from committing the too common error of concentrating on one or two persons the blame which really belongs to the constitution and

tendencies of society at large. All men have their weak sides; and one weak side is a snare and temptation to another weak side, and so mischief is done. This is, as we understand it, the Secretary's point of view, and the general conclusion at which he arrives is that so many different persons are responsible for what has happened in regard to these loans, that there is really no room for finding fault with anybody in particular.

According to the "original sin" theory, the primary offenders in this case—those who tempted the others into evil ways—were the people who were ready to invest their money in Honduras bonds. It has been stated in evidence that the bondholders for the most part consist of country clergymen, spinsters, widows, retired officers in the army and navy, and the like; and persons of this kind have not hitherto been supposed to be a very dangerous class of society. It would appear, however, that, innocent and simple-minded as they are, they cannot help the natural wickedness which attaches to them. It is probably their misfortune rather than their fault that their imbecility is a snare to others. "Those bondholders," says the Secretary, "who expect such enormous profit, ought to understand that the advantages of speculations are in proportion to the risks which are run of their failure; and truly, those who speculate on 'Change, and invest their money in public shares which bear 10 per cent. interest, purchasing them for the fifth or the tenth part of their nominal value, ought to suppose that there is great probability of losing their money, and they cannot complain if that probability becomes a fact." The sin of the bondholders, therefore, was that they were extravagant in their expectations of profit, and careless in examining the chances of getting it. On the other hand, the Government of Honduras took perhaps too sanguine a view of its own position. "Here then," says the Secretary, "we have the two extremes, altogether anomalous, which were the real cause of the failures in regard to the Honduras Railway; the Government which expected to obtain loans on conditions very difficult to fulfil, and the bondholders, who, relying on suicidal usury, have made that impossible which was only very difficult, by reducing the value of these bonds to a ruinous price, at which they received them from the trustees of the Government or from their agents." In short, the European lenders, in aiming at "a colossal profit," have been "ruining the purpose of the Government in soliciting these loans, and paying dear themselves for their boundless ambition." Besides the Government of Honduras and the bondholders, however, there were other parties who were concerned in these transactions, and who are not altogether exempted from blame. "These two extremes," says the Secretary, "equally vicious in principle, have been united by a chain of intermediaries and fellow-workers on both sides, who have stood the brunt of these opposing forces, frequently falling into a whirlwind of confusion, of difficulty, and deception, without knowing how to get out of it." The Secretary is also willing to admit that "not all, perhaps, have conducted themselves with the uprightness, with the enthusiasm, disinterestedness, and self-denial which are required to overcome great inconveniences"; but still "the evils referred to were inevitable consequences" of the natural conditions of the enterprise. The position of Honduras is thus described. There were abundant natural resources, but they were never cultivated, and there was not sufficient population to turn them to account. It was conceived, however, that if there were a railway running across the Republic, people and cultivation would follow in due time. Elsewhere the usual plan is to have population and some amount of produce before a costly railway is constructed, but this was too slow a plan for the Government of Honduras. It was resolved to have a railway at once; but the first difficulty in the way was to procure money to pay for it. The Government was already in debt, and had not been able to pay interest on its debt for forty years, though the amount of interest was only 1,632*l.* a year. Nevertheless it thought itself entitled to raise a loan of a million sterling on the strength of the returns which were expected from the railway of the future. This loan, however, rather hung fire. It was received by the public, according to the Secretary of Legation, "with perfect indifference, with profound contempt"; and he adds that, "according to the deficient and vague information" which reached the Legation, there were hardly any other subscriptions than one of about 10,000*l.* made by the firm of Bischoffsheim itself. The bonds went off very slowly at reduced rates, and the expenses of commission and payment of interest on the old debts absorbed a considerable part of the amount received. Two years later a loan was tried in Paris, the proceeds of which were spent, as we gather from the Secretary's pamphlet, in providing a currency of nickel coin "which was of no use at all to the Government, because the Honduras public would not accept its circulation." The consequence was that the Government was obliged to try that expedient again "which had already produced such evil results twice over"—that is, a third loan. This is said to have been more favourably received, but the war on the Continent threw the markets into confusion, and the Honduras Government found it necessary to place its bonds at the disposal of speculators at a much lower rate than the price of quotation. Thus the three loans, which were to the nominal value of nearly six millions sterling, yielded, according to the Secretary, not much more than two and a half millions. At present the bonds of the Honduras loans are quoted at 6*½* per cent., and could be bought up, it is calculated, for some 450,000*l.* Only a small part of the railway is finished, and it is said by one of the contractors to have already fallen into decay. The Secretary suggests that something might even now be done to set the railway on its legs if the bondholders would only

advance a little more money, but it may be doubted whether there is much chance of extracting any more from them.

There can be no doubt that a prudent speculator would have hesitated to put money in such an undertaking as the Honduras Railway; but at the same time it is necessary to observe that the bondholders have had to encounter not only the known risks of the enterprise, but certain practices which were kept hidden from them. It is clear that the security of the loan depended entirely on the making and working of the railway. Honduras had no actual resources to draw upon at all equal to a debt of such magnitude, but it was hoped that a railway would attract population and develop trade, and also yield a revenue on its own account. It was on the chance of a railway turning out well that the bondholders gave their money, and so far their investment was no doubt of a speculative character. It might happen that the railway would not pay after all, and this contingency was fairly in the reckoning. On the other hand, however, it cannot be said that one of the risks for which the bondholders were to be prepared was that the money which had been subscribed expressly for the construction of a railway would be to a large extent applied to other purposes. And this is what they now complain of. It is obviously no answer to such a charge to talk about the "original sin" which tainted the transaction at the outset, and to accuse the bondholders of "suicidal usury." The Government of Honduras went into the market of its own accord; it fixed its own terms, and the bondholders merely took what was offered. It is quite conceivable that the terms may have been too high to leave any reasonable chance of profit out of the railway had it ever been finished, but that is no justification for spending money provided for a stipulated experiment upon other things which were not in the bargain. How far the charges against those who had the control of the loans can be made out of course remains to be seen, but it is at least important that the nature of the charges should be distinctly understood. The question is not whether the bondholders had a right to expect a safe return from a highly speculative investment, but whether they had a right to expect that money subscribed for a particular purpose should be strictly applied to that purpose and to no other. What is wanted from the persons whose conduct has been impugned is not plausible arguments about "original sin," but precise and properly attested balance-sheets.

CONSCRIPTION AND RECRUITING.

A DISCUSSION on the best mode of obtaining men for the army has been lately held at the Royal United Service Institution, and it may be useful to collect the opinions which were expressed there. An essay by Captain Hime, R.A., was frequently referred to, and some speakers agreed with the author that "universal conscription" was the unpleasant necessity of the time, while others suggested other means of providing reserves, "so as to be ready to face the storm that must come." Captain Owen, R.A., from whose speech these words are quoted, thought we must enforce the ballot for the Militia, which is, in effect, conscription under a more familiar name. The same speaker demands a reserve of at least 200,000 men, and would not allow substitutes. Colonel Percy Fielding thought there ought to be an obligatory Militia service for one year for every one. Lord Elcho seems to approve "the ancient English constitutional law of universal personal service in the Militia." He made the practical remark that "the Volunteer was in England the equivalent to the one-year man in Prussia," and he thought that, "if we were to make use of the existing law, we might find in the old English wisdom the remedy for the existing state of things." Sir William Codrington treated it as clear that "we do not get the men who are efficient for the purpose," and that the men who are not efficient are most expensive. Sir Lintorn Simmons urged the same point with greater detail of illustration. He showed that the enlistment of boys of eighteen or nineteen entailed greater losses to the service in the shape of wages and maintenance while inefficient than would suffice to give such pay as would supply at once the needful bone and sinew to the army. He thought that the question was very much one of better pay, and this would bring a number of men to serve in the army who could not be induced to enter it at present. Mr. John Holms repeated the opinion with which the public is familiar—"We must give money for the value we expect to get." Government expected to get men for 13*s.* whose price was from 15*s.* to 18*s.* Lord Waveney did not think there could be very great difficulty in getting the number of men needed for the public service. The police were kept up, and the railway and other services were kept up. Colonel Percy Fielding, whom we have already quoted, thought that little more was needed to enable us to get as many recruits as we wanted than to make it known that the pay of soldiers had been increased in full proportion to the advance which had taken place in wages generally in the country.

The result of this discussion seems to be that we must have an army for foreign and colonial service which can only be raised by voluntary enlistment, and that that army can only be made efficient by spending more money on it. The police and the railway and other services are kept up because they must be kept up. But the need of keeping up an army, although equally real, does not make itself felt daily, and may not make itself felt this year or next. The remarks of Sir Lintorn Simmons and other speakers as to the present waste of pay and maintenance are well founded.

We get a bad article for our money, but if we want a good article we must pay more for it. If we undertake to provide for home defence by voluntary enlistment, we can only do this effectually—even if we can do it effectually—at a heavy expense; and if we cannot or will not incur this expense, there remains only the “ancient English constitutional method” of Lord Elcho, or the “universal conscription” of Captain Hime, and between these two proposals the difference is rather of name than substance. Lord Derby is reported to have said in 1871 that public feeling revolts against conscription “in a country where the sentiment of individual freedom and conscience is as highly developed as here,” and upon this speech Professor Cairnes remarked “Let us purge our souls of cant.” It may be admitted that a good deal of nonsense is talked about the supposed moral superiority of a people which depends, or wishes it could depend, on voluntary enlistment; and although Lord Derby is not given to talking nonsense, he seems on this occasion to have used words without any distinct meaning. The “sentiment of individual freedom and conscience” would probably suggest that a country which is the home of liberty is worth fighting for in one’s own person if necessary, and not merely by deputy. However, it might be expedient so far to humour “public feeling” as to propose, as Colonel Percy Fielding does, “obligatory Militia service for one year” in preference to conscription, and it might be conceded that an equal amount of service in a Volunteer corps might be substituted for Militia service. This of course would be on the supposition that the discipline and training were equally effective. Captain Hime proposes “conscription in its most rigid form, without substitution or dotation.” As every man, according to his proposal, would be liable to military service, the annual supply of conscripts would far exceed our needs. “The number required would be obtained by raising the standard of physical and moral, and possibly intellectual, efficiency, and by a judicious system of exemptions.” This passage justifies the complaint of a military critic that the essay was “badly reasoned out.” It makes a crude proposal without dealing with the practical difficulties that arise out of it. If we do not want all the young men of given age, how shall we make selection? The old plan, which some officers still advocate, was the ballot; but then the ballot was only applied in the early years of this century, with two qualifications—namely, substitutes were allowed, and service in a Volunteer corps entitled to exemption. In the middle class of society, in order to escape service in the Militia, men either joined Volunteer corps or subscribed to a sort of insurance club which found substitutes. The system of substitution is now denounced as having largely caused the disasters of the French army, and we can see that, if admitted to any great extent, it might be mischievous. The clubs would, in effect, bid against the ordinary recruiting officer for the same class of recruits, and, as the number of men in the country willing to become soldiers is limited, it could not be largely increased by varying the machinery employed to collect them. On the other hand, the ballot, if fairly worked, furnishes perhaps the only tolerably satisfactory method of selection. This will more clearly appear by considering Captain Hime’s alternative, which is that physical, or moral, or possibly intellectual, efficiency is to entitle a youth to preference for the honour of service in the Militia. It may be feared that the youth of Britain will not see it. A boy cannot well help being big and strong, but he can help being convicted of moral or intellectual excellence, and he would be likely to take some pains to do so if he could thus escape a year’s service in the Militia. There would be something like a general competitive examination over the whole country, wherein every candidate would try to get the lowest number of marks. Captain Hime’s alternative, “a judicious system of exemptions,” merely evades the difficulty. We think that exemption of those who could purchase substitutes would be tolerated, because in this country people are accustomed to see advantages allowed to money, and, instead of grumbling, try to get money for themselves. But we doubt whether any other exemption would be judicious. A doctor in practice may reasonably claim exemption; but perhaps the country gains as much as it loses if a youth of twenty is delayed a year in the process of qualifying or entitling himself to dispense medicines. In order to make a soldier in a year, “the discipline would have to be rigid and the drill never-ending,” and as a sort of prize for physical, moral, or intellectual superiority, the opportunity is offered of undergoing this discipline and drill. Truly the author credits the youth of Britain with a more than Spartan hardness. He proposes that 10,000 conscripts only should be called out in the first year, 1877, 20,000 in the second year, and so on. Thus it appears that only a limited number of prizes will be offered to competition, and therefore youths who desire to obtain them had better go into physical, moral, and intellectual training without loss of time.

The merit of this essay certainly does not lie in its specific recommendations. But it is a useful collection of facts tending to show that some form of conscription is inevitable. The voluntary system, says Captain Hime, never was a success, and day by day it must prove a greater and greater failure. The author, being reminded of the glories of the past, contrasts debt with victories. “With a better system of recruiting we might have won the same victories at one-third of the expense.” One mode of extravagant spending was bounties, which have been abolished in theory since 1867; but, as the author says, “with our present system of recruiting it would be necessary to revive them if we became involved in a great war.” The bounty for the ordinary recruit in 1803 was 16*l*. This was what we came to under stress

of French preparations for invasion. In 1718 barracks cost under 12*l*. per man, whereas in 1860 they cost 22*½* *l*. per man. This fact is stated in order to show how much the comfort of soldiers has been studied without any corresponding increase in the attractiveness of the service for recruits. Throughout the eighteenth century, indeed, there were hardly any barracks in the country, and the refusal to provide them arose from the jealousy of Parliament against a standing army. Some passages of this essay may be quoted to show that we have been worse off for soldiers formerly than we are now, and it will be foolishly argued that we should trust to luck to come all right as we have done before. But this is scarcely the way for prudent people who have much property to lose to manage their affairs. “If,” said Solon to Croesus, “any other come that hath better iron than you, he will be master of all this gold.” However, it is true that in 1775 the Secretary at War informed the House of Commons that all his exertions had failed in recruiting the army to its requisite strength. The bounty had been raised, the standard lowered, and attempts had been made to enlist even Roman Catholics, but all had failed. Again in 1806 it was stated that throughout the war great difficulty had been experienced in providing soldiers. The hulks were drained, and the prisons emptied more than once to supply the want of recruits. The compulsory enlistment of rogues and vagabonds during the eighteenth century is commemorated in some lines of an unacted scene of the *Critic* :—

Oh, may he now defend his country’s laws
With half the spirit that he broke them all!

This “impressment” is rightly described by the author as limited or class conscription. It perhaps did the vagabonds no harm, and it did their country good. “Impressment” of seamen was employed in every war, and it could only be justified on the principle that the Sovereign was entitled to the service of all his subjects, and might take first those who could be most useful. But, looking at all this, it does savour somewhat of cant to talk of conscription as un-English; and if we get upon our high moral ground Professor Cairnes can reach us with a sneer at our “pot-house system of recruiting.” The superiority of country recruits is forcibly expressed in the author’s quotation from Seneca, “Nullum laborem recusant manus quæ ad arma ab aratro transferuntur.” The suggestion that we should take no recruits under twenty-one is answered by Mr. Wyndham’s words—“We must add to the thoughtlessness of the lower orders the weakness and improvidence of youth” to obtain acceptance of our offers. But if we made the place of soldier worth a man’s acceptance, perhaps a man might take it. Only we must remember that this will cost a large sum of money, and, unless we are ready to do this, we must come to conscription, call it by what name you please.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE debate on the National Gallery was very disappointing in one particular. Only one of the speakers who followed Mr. Beresford Hope seems to have touched the point really raised. The question before the House was not whether Mr. Barry had a right to feel disappointed as to the treatment he received in this matter or in that of the new Law Courts; nor was it whether successive Governments have or have not been dilatory in carrying out public improvements. Nor was it, again, any question as to the works of art in the collection of the nation. Mr. Beresford Hope raised a far higher question, and one of far greater national importance. It was simply this—How far have we succeeded in realizing the ideal of a gallery for paintings worthy of so great a nation? Mr. Cowper-Temple alone seems to have apprehended this; and all lovers of art, all who wish to see popular education in this respect placed on a right footing, must lament how little has been done, or even projected, towards furthering so desirable an object. We have pictures enough for the present. We have drawings such as no other nation can show, and such as no other nation would keep concealed. We have the finest sculptures in the world. And yet we have no gallery in any sense worthy either of our treasures or of the nation. In sketching the history of our present apology for such a gallery, Mr. Hope pointed to the fact that no other civilized country had remained so long without a National Gallery. He might have gone further and asserted that, though we now have a gallery, we are still far behind France, Germany, and even Belgium in what we have done. Until very lately no systematic effort had been made to acquire works of art. We let the Houghton Gallery, in the last century, go to Russia. We missed the Sout collection and many others. At last we have acquired a few paintings of great excellence, and may hope before long for many more. But where shall we put them? The recent additions to the building in Trafalgar Square will only suffice for the adequate exhibition of what we already possess; and it is but a poor encouragement to givers and bequeathers of pictures that in so many cases we have not yet hung those we have already obtained. The present site is in every way a good one. It is sufficiently central, and with a worthy building it would be sufficiently imposing. But the present front is quite inadequate and unworthy. Three designs were offered in the Report printed for the House of Commons five years ago. They are all more or less open to serious criticism. Mr. Barry’s is unquestionably the finest, although the three lofty domes with which it is crowned are likely to prove both useless and expensive. But his

ground plan is for many reasons to be commended, although it may be a question whether more of the present small rooms should not be retained. Great halls suit great pictures, such as the cartoons of Raffaele, which every one must hope to see in the new gallery; but to exhibit small pictures, painted originally for cabinets, smaller rooms may often be preferable. The present room in which our Raffaeles and the two unfinished Michael Angelos are displayed is very pleasant, and the pictures, hung close to the eye and not overshadowed by larger canvases, are seen to the best advantage. But on the site of the whole of the present front Mr. Barry proposes to erect a pair of galleries of great length and imposing proportions, and though Mr. Beresford Hope justly complains of the dingy appearance of the present rooms after the magnificent size and freshness of the new ones, a little paint and a modification of the lighting arrangements would probably render them as pleasant, and for certain purposes as convenient, as any in the additional building. After all, however, Mr. Barry offers as good or better small rooms elsewhere, and we suppose that these galleries are needed for the dignity and proportion of his interior.

Assuming, as we may perhaps do, that the desirableness, or indeed the necessity, of a worthy National Gallery on the present site is generally admitted, the question of most importance may be thought to turn on the appearance of the principal front. In the design for which Mr. Layard was primarily responsible, and which was prepared at his instance by Mr. Gilbert Redgrave, the general outline proposed was very simple. A long colonnade, and, in an alternative drawing, a loggia of open arches, formed the principal features. But on the whole there was a want of dignity and size, or rather of the look of size, in the elevation. The galleries, which we believe were designed by the late Captain Fowke, were very simple in their arrangement, consisting of a series of rectangular chambers connected at one end by a long corridor. This plan had the advantage of being capable of indefinite extension, but it was open to the serious objection that we want not merely a series of chambers in which to hang pictures, but a building in itself beautiful and worthy of the great works of which it is to be the storehouse. In this respect, then, Mr. Barry's plan is very preferable. If his galleries have a fault, it is that they are too spacious, too lofty, and calculated in some cases to dwarf the pictures. But his front was of a type wholly different from that proposed by Mr. Layard. Its prominent features are a dome upwards of two hundred feet high in the centre, two smaller domes, one at each end, and three great porticoes or colonnades connected by rows of arches and pillars. The domes, we have already said, seem to us superfluous. There is nothing, indeed, to connect them necessarily with the building in front; they almost look as if they were parts of a second building in the rear. The money they would cost might be better laid out in raising the centre of the façade, and making it a much more prominent and important part of the whole composition. Mr. Barry's arrangement of the plan has, with some modifications, been so far carried out. The new buildings are about a third of what he proposes to erect; they stand behind the proposed eastern wing of his front. But his whole design includes rooms for the National Portrait Gallery—now banished, like so much else that should be generally accessible, to the remote suburb of Brompton—and, in addition, space for a modern collection and ample provision for future extension. On the western side he would make a wide street which, as Mr. Hope pointed out, could be planned to connect Trafalgar Square with Leicester Square, and to meet the new street which the Metropolitan Board of Works project to run from Oxford Street to Charing Cross. This part of the design would be in every sense a great public improvement, and it would have an advantage which does not seem to have been adverted to on Friday; it would enable a fitting approach to be made to the National Portrait Gallery when it occupies the site of the present barracks. The barracks Mr. Barry proposes to remove to a vacant, or nearly vacant, space between Whitehall and the Embankment. Where the present building stands he would make a great room for the Turner bequest on the left, another for the English school on the right, and a magnificent vestibule in the centre leading to the principal staircase, from which a gallery for the cartoons would open directly opposite the entrance. A glazed loggia for sculpture would form a kind of screen immediately behind the portico. It is not worth while to go more into detail about Mr. Barry's design. The chances of seeing it carried out in its completeness are very remote at present. Even if we could hope to see the erection of a National Gallery treated as a national question, his scheme would probably receive much modification. The centre and pivot, so to speak, of his plan is a room for the Raffaele cartoons. But it is only in a sense that they can be called national property; and we know by experience that their coming to South Kensington by no means implies that they will be brought any nearer. This is only one point; but there are several others which we might pause to notice, if they were immediately concerned in the question brought forward by Mr. Beresford Hope.

To that question, taking it to be simply as we have already endeavoured to state it, it is much to be hoped that a satisfactory answer may soon be given. That Wilkins's building is wholly inadequate for the collection now scattered about London and its suburbs admits of no debate. That it is moreover unworthy of its present site, and still more unworthy of the country, can scarcely be doubted even by economists like Mr. Locke and Mr. Goldsmid. We wish it could be added that an immediate prospect

exists that something will be done to remedy the present state of affairs. Those who object that the present Gallery is sufficient, with the new additions, for the national collection of pictures as it now is, forget the accumulations in the store-rooms at Trafalgar Square, and above all the number of magnificent works at present domiciled at South Kensington. We have in the Vernon Gallery, in Mr. Bell's bequest, and in the multitude of minor pictures, what would make a complete department for English art. Our Flemish pictures, including the Peel collection, our early Italian and early German pictures, our water-colours, and our really magnificent collection of national portraits, should all be under the same roof with the paintings of the English school. It is not unreasonable to wish that the drawings now in portfolios at the British Museum should be exhibited as the French have exhibited theirs at the Louvre. There is sore need of a gallery of sculpture, either to include that now in the British Museum or to be subsidiary to it. Until something is done to meet these wants we must continue to feel ashamed before foreign nations. The growing taste for art in England, of which we have so many tangible proofs offered us daily, points unmistakably to the probability that a worthy scheme would be accepted gladly by the country at large. The purchase of the Peel collection and the recent expenditure on Mr. Barker's Italian pictures were accepted, except by a few grumblers, with acclamation. The present Government has on several occasions shown commendable anxiety to meet the wishes of the nation by the purchase of worthy works of art, and it can hardly be doubted that a proposal for the erection of a really handsome and really convenient building in Trafalgar Square would be received with universal approval.

CAPTAIN BOYTON'S VOYAGE.

THE interesting experiment of Captain Boyton, whether it succeeded or failed, would hardly entitle him to rank as an inventor. He is perhaps mistaken as to the practical value of his "invention," but we may safely assume that it can do no harm. "The new life-saving dress" may at least amuse idle hours at the seaside, and skill acquired in using it might be valuable. But if it is suggested that every one who goes to sea should take with him one of these dresses, we can only say that we have heard other and more feasible proposals for saving life at sea which we are certain will never be carried into effect. Captain Boyton, to put it shortly, teaches us to convert the human body into a boat; but a boat wants a crew and provisions, and one of these requisites certainly, and the other probably, would be wanting. Captain Boyton handles a paddle skilfully, and manages a sail which he hoists upon himself, and it would appear to be the opinion of his admirers that these accomplishments are necessary in the wearer if the dress is to be worn for any useful purpose. But this is almost like saying that nobody ought to go into the water until he has learned to swim. There must be a crew for the boat, or, in other words, the wearer of the dress must possess a propelling and steering power which can only be acquired by practice. And besides, the crew must have provisions; but when a man is swimming or paddling from a wrecked ship to shore there is no friendly hand to administer a drop of cherry brandy or a cigar. It is a pity that Captain Boyton should suppose himself to have a "mission," and although we consider that he has succeeded, we fail to perceive how his success will benefit all mankind. But he has certainly furnished the newspapers with a novelty when they greatly needed one. The launch of the *Alexandra* by the Princess of Wales was much less interesting than the launch of Captain Boyton by himself.

The experiment began at Dover at 3:20 A.M. on Saturday last, and it finished by Captain Boyton being taken on board a steamer a few miles from Boulogne at 6 P.M. During nearly fifteen hours he kept afloat and battled with the waves, being nerved, as he says, by the kind interest of the Queen of England in his struggle in the cause of science and humanity. It is unsatisfactory to reflect that any attempt at utilizing this invention amid ordinary perils of the sea would labour under several disadvantages. The Queen of England could not be supposed to take any interest in a struggle of which she could know nothing, and which would be undertaken less in the cause of science and humanity than of what is vulgarly called "number one." And besides there would be no cigars nor brandy and water, no cheering friends, and no representatives of the press. The time fixed for starting was 3 o'clock, but we are told that "an unexpected delay occurred in adjusting the apparatus on account of some difficulty with the thick under-clothing it was essential to provide for the occasion." Such a delay ought not to have been unexpected, and time should have been allowed for it. A "difficulty with thick under-clothing" would be very likely to arise whenever an attempt was made to utilize this invention in saving life at sea, and we greatly doubt whether it is worth while to add "life-saving dresses" to the list of articles which are likely to be not at hand or not in order when wanted. In an account of life-buoys written nearly forty years ago we find the remark that "these contrivances are never at hand when wanted," and although contrivances have become more numerous since then, facilities for getting at them remain pretty much where they were. The chief merit of Captain Boyton's dress seems to be that when it is in complete order and a man has had time to put it on deliberately, it is impervious to

water, so that after a long day's tossing in the sea only the face of the wearer would be at all affected by wind and waves. But it would be easy for such a dress to get out of order, and a small leak would make it about as comfortable as a tomb. The idea of hoisting sail upon oneself might occur to anybody, and the only difficulty lies in the practical application of it. We are told that Captain Boyton used his paddle chiefly to keep his sail full, and thus saved his strength, like the clever navigator that he is. People escaping from shipwreck do not however necessarily possess this cleverness, although we agree that it is very desirable they should. This use of a sail may be compared to that in Boyce's life-buoy invented in 1813. It is stated that a buoy of this construction was dropped from Monmouth Bridge, where the stream is very rapid, and it was found to support a man who swam to it, and to enable him to sail against the stream. Every kind of life-saving apparatus may be conveniently used by sailors wishing to desert, and on this account, we believe, such contrivances were not greatly favoured during the early years of the present century.

The admirers of Captain Boyton are entitled to regard his experiment as a success. He remained in the water during fifteen hours of wintry weather, and he then gave up, or rather was compelled by his friends to give up, not because he was benumbed, but because they feared he would become exhausted, and, as evening closed, it would be difficult to help him. We are told that the experiment does not decide in the sense of limiting the time during which a man so dressed, and having no need of fighting against wind and tide, could have existed in the water. Captain Boyton protested that he could have held out for another day, and probably by the help of occasional brandy and water he could have held out some hours longer. But it is not suggested that he could take food, and at any rate he did not, and without food the end of strength must come, although in his case it may have been exceptionally distant. The use and apparent necessity of alcohol in this case may be noted in connexion with the discussions on its use in general. The majority of mankind may be wrong, but there would, we believe, be almost universal agreement in the expediency of applying brandy and water in Captain Boyton's case. The essential difference between his case and that of an ordinary shipwrecked sailor is that there would be no brandy and water to apply in the latter case. It is stated, indeed, that Captain Boyton took with him a small flask, and it is theoretically possible that dresses after his pattern might be on board ship each with its flask ready filled in a secure pocket. All we can say is, that it is unlikely that that degree of regularity would be attained. If one has to be afloat for fifteen, or even thirty, hours without food or drink, and die at the end, one might almost as well die at the beginning. But under special circumstances this dress might be useful, as, for instance, to send one man or more on shore carrying a line by which others might be rescued. And it might be used equally well to carry a line from shore to a distressed ship, as a substitute for that rocket apparatus which, like other life-saving contrivances, is not always ready for use when wanted. It is not pretended that Captain Boyton, even with all sail set, can make head or even hold his own against a Channel tide, and therefore the utility of his dress for passing between ship and shore may be questioned. The scheme of his voyage was that he should catch the tide, and if the pilot's calculation or the voyager's start had been rather more exact, he would have caught it, or rather successive tides, and would have been carried to or near Boulogne. The difficulty that presents itself is to settle, not the positive, but the relative merit of the invention. If these dresses are adopted they will probably supersede some other life-saving apparatus, and whether the object be to save life or destroy it, we confess to a general preference for simple contrivances which may be used by anybody at any time.

The comparison of Captain Boyton to Leander has entered largely into ornamental writing on this subject. What love did for the one "the kind interest of Her Majesty" did for the other, and perhaps both these sources of nervous energy may be regarded as equally poetical. It is a pity that some Hero provided with a sufficient beacon could not have been placed at Boulogne to await Leander, as probably some modern substitute for the "light of love" would have ensured his getting there. When the attempt was discontinued the pilot did not know where he was, but if he had known he would have been willing to persevere, and would have reached some point of the coast while Captain Boyton still kept afloat. In a first expedition everything cannot be foreseen, but the old tale might have suggested to the modern imitator the utility of guns by day or fire by night to guide him to his port. In one respect, however, the modern Leander improved upon the original, for he took a doctor with him. We thus learn the important facts that, when he left the water, he was calm and collected and showed no signs of distress, perspired freely, with normal respiration, and temperature, taken at the mouth, nearly the same as when he started. The doctor gave him a mouthful of "egg mixture" at 7.30 A.M., which he said made him feel ill, and he took nothing else that could be called food to the end of his voyage. This distaste for food is exactly what we should have expected. The doctor thinks that Captain Boyton could have continued his exertions for at least six hours longer, and this we can readily believe. If the experiment is repeated under rather more favourable circumstances, it will probably succeed; and if there are any visitors at Boulogne in the present inclement weather, it might amuse them as well as anything else. Captain Boyton may, if he pleases, undertake an ex-

pedition up a tidal river, with safety to himself and pleasure to the riparian population. Already he has been induced to combine himself with fireworks, and some enterprising manager of public grounds adjoining water might make of him what is called a "feature" for Whitsun Monday. Unlike the unhappy flying man, he may amuse himself and others without endangering human life. We do not expect that "science and humanity" will gain much by his exertions, but we feel obliged to him for making a curious experiment.

REVIEWS.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN THE EAST.*

WE have no hesitation in pronouncing this work to be a valuable contribution to the modern history of Central Asia. Not that there is any deficiency of essays, compilations, and pamphlets on the subject. Accomplished linguists, bold correspondents, erudite German professors, have in turn striven to quicken our patriotism or to practise on our fears with regard to our position in the East. The present work comes from one who combines the attributes of a scholar, a diplomatist, and a politician. Society is so apt to forget the early career of men who have distanced competitors in some one special department of science or literature, that it is not quite unnecessary to preface criticism with a brief record of Sir Henry Rawlinson's services when we analyse his work or test his views. The scholar who with many readers is identified with the translation of a series of inscriptions which had defied all scrutiny began life as a subaltern of the Bombay army in 1826. The portion of Indian history closed by the annexation of Arracan and the Tenasserim provinces afforded little opportunity for young men of vigour and originality. Henry Lawrence, we may remember, after being racked by an Arracan fever, lived a dull life in the Survey or in cantonments, like scores of others, just about that time. The talents of Sir Henry Rawlinson were saved from rust and inactivity by employment in Persia, where he tried hard to impart some rudiments of discipline to the rough material of the Shah's army. In this way, during six years, from 1833 to 1839, he acquired a complete mastery of Persia, its language, literature, and institutions. With the latter year began the episode of disgrace and disaster so powerfully told by Sir John Kaye. And in the dark winter of 1841-2 Major Rawlinson was at Nott's right hand at Candahar, checking insurgents, corresponding with Macnaghten, calling in detachments from outposts, writing political summaries, and, with his chief, showing clearly that much less than one hour of Dundee would have kept a firm hold of the Bala Hissar. From 1843 to 1851 Colonel Rawlinson was employed on political duty at Baghdad. In 1856 he became a member of the old Court of Directors, under the provision which enabled the President of the Board of Control to nominate distinguished officers to that body without compelling them to canvass every retired shopkeeper or garrulous old woman possessed of 1,000*l.* of Indian stock. On the transfer of India to the Government of the Crown, in 1858, Sir H. Rawlinson became one of the first members of the Indian Council, but resigned his post for that of Envoy and Minister at the Court of the Shah. When we add to this catalogue of public services, that he represented Reigate in one Parliament and Frome in another, and that for the last six years he has again been one of the confidential advisers of the Indian Secretary, we have made it quite clear that, as narrator, critic, or adviser, no public man has a better claim to be heard on the topics which he has selected for authorship.

The present work, in some points, is a revelation to society of secrets which were either wholly concealed in State archives, or discreetly veiled in papers of anonymous authorship. The publication, in tone and colouring, somewhat reminds one of the collected Essays of Mr. Palgrave. This is how the volume had birth, grew, and expanded. We have in all six essays, some useful appendices, and an excellent map corrected to date. Three of the papers are reproductions. One was contributed to the *Calcutta Review* in 1849, on Persia, and two to the *Quarterly* in 1865 and 1866, on the progress of Russia in Central Asia. A fourth paper takes up the subject of Persia where the author left it in Sir John Kaye's Indian periodical a quarter of a century ago, and brings it down to the Reuter Convention and the Shah's visit. Of the two remaining essays, one is the amplification of a speech contemplated, but never delivered, in the Session of 1868; the memoranda having assumed the shape of a note prepared for the consideration of the Secretary of State and the Viceroy of India. All this now makes up Chapter V. The sixth closes the discussion by the Russian occupation of Khiva, and by urging on the Ministry and on the people of England a proposal which ought in one way or another to be fairly met. But the reprints of old essays have all the elucidation of subsequent events. Although the letterpress is unaltered substantially, copious notes based on official papers and private correspondence enable readers to see at a glance where predictions have been verified, or what previous deductions must now be toned down. We may at once say that the claim which the author advances of having, in the main, correctly forecast the progress of Russia, is one which we do not feel disposed to question. As anticipated,

* *England and Russia in the East: a Series of Papers on the Political and Geographical Condition of Central Asia.* By Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., F.R.S. London: Murray. 1875.

the Emperor has obtained a firm footing in the three Khanates of the Oxus, and shows no inclination to surrender it, especially in the case of Khiva, as indeed no one, except the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs, ever imagined would be the case. But a kind of stopgap or impediment to further progress has been devised in Kokand, through the vigour and ability of the ruler, Khudayar Khan. Sir H. Rawlinson admits that his expectation of the early and complete subjection of this Khanate has not been fulfilled. Neither have Russian generals, at Tashkend or Samarcand, made much progress in colonization. Military occupation has not developed untold resources or become a starting-point for national life and energy, any more than Indian outposts in the Derajat. Those who reckoned on mighty impulses to trade have been disappointed, as we have more than once warned them. The exports of Turkestan, according to Mr. Schuyler, remain stationary, while the imports have actually diminished.

To criticize in detail the successive papers into which an accomplished author has condensed the experience of a long military, diplomatic, or literary life, is impossible. There is no single chapter which does not merit careful study, and none from which the reader will rise without a solution of some disputed point in geography, without a more distinct light thrown back on Oriental tendencies and traditions, and without a more clear conception of the single-mindedness, the persistence, and the adaptation of means to ends, displayed by Russian autocrats of the field or Cabinet, in carrying out the policy of Peter the Great. No journalist claiming to educate the English public in Asiatic statecraft; no member of Parliament desirous of putting questions which might convict Lord Derby or Mr. Robert Bourke of ignorance and incapacity; no Indian administrator whose duties may range from the encountering of a famine in peaceful provinces to the selection of commercial routes through wild defiles and wilder mountaineers, can afford to neglect this storehouse of facts. There are, however, some dominant ideas and some very distinct conclusions drawn in each paper, on which we shall concisely touch, because, in spite of our high opinion of the book as a literary performance and as a Central Asian text-book, we question the remedies which the author has propounded, and we dislike the goal at which he has arrived.

Sir Henry Rawlinson does not care to disguise his apprehensions of the methodical and systematic advance of Russia, or his belief that in three years or so she will command an extended, but fortified, position from the Black Sea to the frontiers of China. Railways, canals, or military roads, or possibly all three, will connect the Caspian and Aral seas. The three Khanates, if not actually absorbed or annexed, will be powerless. And the Czar will have, not merely a part, but the whole, of the Oxus for his southern limit, with the resources of Bokhara in the immediate background, and those of his enormous and consolidated Empire at no great distance. That this position, magnificent as it is, will enable the Russian autocrat to startle Europe and Asia by exploits similar to those of the old conquerors who sent hordes of irregular cavalry to feast on the plunder of Northern India, Sir Henry Rawlinson does not apprehend. But he considers—and so far his opinion is shared by some of the most sagacious of Indian statesmen—that we shall be overshadowed in Asia, and even disquieted in India, by a Power skilled in intrigues, unscrupulous and ready in the employment of means, and not, like ourselves, amenable to the restraints and criticism of public opinion. A new element will disturb “the restricted circle of our Indian relations.” Every chief with a grievance, every adventurer shut out from honours and distinctions by the inexorable rigidity of our rule, every political gambler who would barter “fifty years of Europe” for six months of unlimited plunder and anarchy, will speculate feverishly on the phrase so alluring to an Asiatic, “the revolutions of fate.” Russia will avail herself of a first-rate political lever on the Oxus. A further contribution to this preponderance will be made by the state of Persia, defenceless, exposed geographically, perhaps not to conquest, but to domination as a mere dependency of Russia. The picture which had impressed itself on the mind of the author in 1849 has not grown brighter in 1875. And a diplomatist who sees in “a bankrupt treasury, an unpaid army, corrupt officials, indecisive councils, a timid executive,” and “other chronic evils,” not merely “political decrepitude,” but even “national atrophy,” is not likely to expect any national regeneration from a commercial *coup de main*. The Reuter concession is, in the author's opinion, not merely impracticable, but “selfish.” No country, least of all an Oriental State, was ever galvanized into life by a scheme which could only exasperate all classes—merchants, cultivators, officials, the Church and the Treasury, the nobles and the princes of the blood. Still Sir Henry Rawlinson is able to see his way to a wholesome influence with the Shah. We can, he says, teach the sovereign how to spend his money profitably, discipline his forces, and lead him men to put at their head. Whether these palliatives would arrest decay may be doubted; but there can be no question of the soundness of the author's view that a high-class Indian official would best represent our interests at Teheran, whether he were under the Foreign Secretary, or, as the House of Commons once recommended, under the India Office. It may be said against this view that what affects St. Petersburg as well as Teheran rises to the proportions of European diplomacy. This is quite true, but we should prefer that our local exponent of these grand views should have served on the Indian frontier, and that he should be able to quote Sadi like Malcolm or Sir Henry Rawlinson himself.

But, putting Persia for the moment aside, the pervading idea of

these chapters is that India must be protected against Russian intrigues through Afghanistan; and arguments dressed out with literary skill, based on a practical knowledge of the country, and pressed with all the earnestness of thorough conviction, require to be distinctly met. They cannot be got rid of by a side-wind or postponed for a more convenient season. Put as concisely as possible, the author's views are as follows:—Something must be done to avoid the necessity of larger sacrifices and more persistent efforts. We cannot afford to wait until Russia looks at us from the Suleiman range or just across the Indus. We ought to have English Residents, possibly at Cabul, certainly at Candahar and Herat. The occupation of Merv will follow on the absorption of Khiva, just as the retention of that post followed on the domination of Samarcand and Tashkend. Herat, which is to Merv what Merv is to Khiva, cannot be left exposed to a *coup de main*. We must depute ten thousand bayonets, of which one-half should be wielded by Englishmen, to Herat, Candahar, Quetta, Girishk, and Farrah. The old policy of 1838 can be revived, except in its termination of discredit and defeat. Now to these views we would oppose not only our own conclusions, but, what is more important, those drawn by some of the first military and political authorities of the day. The suggestions, as a careful reader of the volume will discern, are not new. They were considered and rejected in 1867 and in 1868 by men who cannot be called either sluggards or alarmists. The scheme is one which has its strategical, political, and financial aspects. A defect in any one of the three would vitiate the whole train of reasoning, and we believe the proposal to be bad on all three counts. First, as to military and strategical considerations, it may be conceded that certain posts in Afghanistan could be garrisoned without a repetition of the disgrace of 1841. But the force suggested is utterly disproportionate to the object. The towns selected would absorb, not ten thousand, but thirty thousand men. Every soldier so cantoned would be so much effective force withdrawn from the real defences of India proper. Every post so occupied would require extensive fortifications, regular communication with the frontier, and a long chain of supports. Every mile traversed by our troops in the direction of Quetta or Herat would, if Russia were aggressive, save her time and trouble, and abate the force of those disabling contingencies which affect any hostile army that wishes to get at a powerful neighbour through sterile regions and unfriendly tribes. Instead of meeting an invader with our compact army on our own well-defined frontier, and with all the resources of civilization ready to be concentrated by railways on any one given spot, we should fight in a poor country, in the midst of lukewarm adherents or vindictive foes, and far away from everything that would double the efficiency of a disciplined force. In a military point of view no more fatal blunder could be committed. Then politics in the East are closely allied with strategy. It may be laid down as an axiom, which no revolutions at Cabul will alter, that the first comers in Afghanistan, from whatever quarter, will be looked on as intruders and enemies, and the last be welcomed as deliverers and friends. Sir Henry Rawlinson argues that we might be less disliked at Herat than we were at Cabul, and he appears to think that we might even safely divide Afghanistan, and prevail on the Amir to cede to us its western districts. These views we hold to be delusive, and the opinion of Dr. Bellev, whom the author relies on, is contradicted by that of half-a-dozen experienced officers whom we could name. When the mere novelty of occupation had ceased, our troops would dislike the country, and would be disliked by the indigenous tribes, whether they were the Syuds of Pishin or the peasantry of Candahar. The English officer who had effected an exchange under Mr. Hardy's Act would be heartily sick of such country quarters, where he had exterminated all the game, and of a cantonment which he could scarcely leave without being shot at by *juzailchees*. If he had little to do, soldiers of his own race and colour would have less. As for the native forces, Goorkhas are few in number; Sikhs, who are second only to Englishmen, would be always hankering after furlough to the *Manjha*; while Moguls and Pathans, and Mohammedans generally, might so fraternize with the surrounding population as to be untrustworthy or dangerous. And, once launched in Afghanistan, will any one undertake to tell us how long we could remain there without losing reputation, or how we could depart with honour and credit?

Lastly, the financial aspect is of itself quite sufficient to remove the plan from the category of politic or even possible schemes. Our untoward attempt thirty years back to force on the Afghans a ruler whom they disliked cost us one million and a quarter a year. It has been calculated that to garrison Quetta or Koorum, not to speak of Herat, with a sufficient force, to keep the route to India open, to provide for reliefs, and to meet contingencies, would absorb nearly three millions a year. This is independent of the original outlay on barracks and forts. Let those who find it hard to balance Indian income and expenditure, and who may every now and then have to keep alive a million or two of agricultural paupers, say where this additional sum is to be found. The revenues of Afghanistan, even supposing we could equitably appropriate them, are about 350,000*l.* a year. In short, no result would be attained but disappointment, misunderstandings, and discredit. Politically, we should evoke fanaticism, and pique social pride. Strategically, we should violate the canons of imperial defence laid down by many soldiers, including Wellington and Napier. Financially, we should empty into a bottomless abyss vast sums snatched from a revenue which is now barely sufficient to bestow on India those solid advantages which may compensate for the pressure of an alien and

unsympathetic rule. Nor must we lose sight of the effect on the princes and people of India. We believe that such a move would tend to feed native credulity, to increase native discontent, to fan into flame those very embers of religious intolerance the existence of which we no more doubt than the able administrator from whom the author quotes. It is not by way of disparaging Sir Henry Rawlinson's experience and talents that we must remind our readers that a man who has never held high office in India cannot, at second-hand, form an adequate conception of the amazement of an Indian statesman who should be suddenly ordered by a despatch from England, in time of peace, to garrison two or three cantonments on the north side of the Bolan Pass. That Russia ought to be closely watched if she attempts to occupy Merv, and that she should be plainly told that an advance on Herat, on any pretext whatever, will be resisted, are opinions to which we entirely subscribe. But the way to defeat such machinations is, not for the Indian Government to occupy a poor country and to exasperate a proud race, but for the Foreign Minister to borrow a little of the style of Cromwell to the Pope, or of Lord Palmerston to Louis Philippe, and to hint quietly that, on any such occurrence, our fleets might be found manœuvring in the Black and Baltic Seas. Sir Henry Rawlinson has vigorously and clearly drawn public attention to no improbable and distant events. But the remedy lies, in India, through the concentration of English power and material between the Himalayas and the seaboard; in England, through a disposition to support the Foreign Secretary whenever he makes up his mind to intimate to an Ambassador that stern remonstrances may have to be followed by hard and unpleasant facts.

HARE'S DAYS NEAR ROME.*

THESE *Days near Rome* should be read, therefore perhaps they should be reviewed, at or near the places spoken of. On the spot itself, just before going to it, or just after going to it, we might be well pleased to have before us, not only—what cannot be too highly valued—the practical results of Mr. Hare's own travels in the less known parts of Italy, but even the extracts from all kinds of authors bearing on each particular place which he gathers together in his account of each particular place. On the spot we should most likely welcome them and call them extracts. Looking coolly at the book, far away from any of the places, we are tempted to think them wearisome, and to call them, not extracts, but scraps. They give the book more of a paste and scissors look than really belongs to it. That is to say, though there is a great deal of paste and scissors, yet there is also a good deal beside paste and scissors. Mr. Hare's own matter is sometimes hard to be seen through the mass of extracts or scraps with which he has overloaded it; but his matter is there, the useful matter of a man who has been to a crowd of places to which few people have been, and who has set down what is to be seen at those places and the best ways of getting at them. To much more than this we suppose that Mr. Hare himself does not pretend. To criticism he certainly can make no pretension. To him history and legend are very much the same. Of course to the scholar who can distinguish the two this is no great matter; but Mr. Hare's way of talking might easily lead the unwary astray. The tourist hears such an astounding mass of nonsense from *ciceroni*, Italian and English, that it is the first duty of everybody who writes any book of Italian topography to put his readers on their guard. And it is too bad when Mr. Hare, in the course of his paste and scissors work, comes on some of Dr. Arnold's exquisite tellings of the legends as legends, and puts them in exactly as if Arnold had believed in them as historical facts. And worse than all is that Mr. Hare, who has seen so much of Italy, should grudge the liberated land her freedom and unity. Endless sneers at "the Sardinian Government" are what we expect from the mouth of a Pope who fancies himself in prison; they are unworthy of the mouth or the pen of an Englishman. Some of Mr. Hare's charges against the Italian Government are mere calumnies which have been often refuted. But, granting that liberated Italy has her faults, we cannot envy the state of mind of the man who can go to and fro among her hills and valleys and cities, only to find or make at every step some occasion for sneering at the authors of her deliverance.

Nor can we say that Mr. Hare, thankful as we are to him for teaching us the way to so many places, always understands the places himself when he gets to them. Take Tusculum for instance. Mr. Hare's account consists of a jumble of dates and quotations, and some people, when on the height of Tusculum, may care to read verses of Archbishop Trench or a long description of Cardinal Wiseman's. But the great point in the history of Tusculum, its having been at two widely distant periods the rival of Rome, is not brought out with any clearness. Yet this is just the kind of thought which should be brought out in a book of this kind, because it is the kind of thought which many people into whose minds it would not come of itself will quite enter into when it is set before them. Mr. Hare's readers have to dig it out how they can from quotations from Mr. Burn and the Dictionary of Geography. Nay more, Mr. Hare does not describe the antiquities of the place. The odd little building, lecture-room, children's theatre, anything else, hard by the principal theatre, deserved at least a passing word; but it is a far more im-

portant omission that Mr. Hare has not a word to say about those antiquities at Tusculum which, with no better guide than the confused account in Murray's Handbook, it is very hard to find. Mr. Hare, in several other places, stops to find fault with the Handbooks, but here the Handbook does tell us what is there, though in a confused way; Mr. Hare does not tell us at all. There is nothing to show us how to find, what it takes a great deal of trouble to find, the gates of the primeval fortress, especially that one which has the place for the bolt in the natural rock. There is not even a word about the bit of primeval architecture, "arco gotico," as the guide calls it, which it also needs some little searching to find. Mr. Hare is not always insensible to remains of this kind. His woodcut of a kindred fragment at Arpinum is enough to make any one wish to start for Arpinum to see it. Why then is there no woodcut, why is there not a single word, about the same thing at Tusculum? We could have well exchanged a cut of the villa or palace of some Pope's nephew for a cut of an arch which Octavius Mamilius may have looked at. Here at least, if Mr. Hare had used his eyes and his pen a little more, and his paste and scissors a little less, his description would have been more valuable. To be sure, palace-building nephews of Popes are happily becoming no less things of the past than chiefs of the Thirty Cities; but to those who have something else to do in Italy than to sneer at the "Sardinian Government," a Mamilius is an object of a greater interest than an Aldobrandini.

But, with all these drawbacks, Mr. Hare's book is of great use. The real traveller can hardly set too high a store on a real guide. The out-of-the-way places, the places off beaten tracks, the places to which no one can find his way by the light of nature, are often, above all in Italy, the places which are richest in attractions of every kind. The tourist of course knows nothing of them and cares nothing for them. But the traveller constantly knows that there is this or that precious remain in some place about which he has not the least notion whether a journey to it is possible or not. And the best-informed traveller will not always know beforehand all that there is for him to see. The poorest guide-book will often set him on a track which leads him to some object of deep interest of which he never heard before, or whose name he has wholly forgotten. Here Mr. Hare steps in; he gives just the kind of knowledge that is wanted; he gives it too in an agreeable form; when no question of historical criticism or of political spite comes in, he can describe a scene so well that he really need not be at such endless pains to copy the descriptions of other people. From Mr. Hare's account of a place we know exactly what it is like, whether it is one worth visiting in itself, whether it is one which can be safely visited by that class of travellers who do not desire magnificence, but who deem utter discomfort a price too high to pay for anything short of objects of the first class. Mr. Hare tells us all about the roads, all about the inns, and tells it in a way which gives it something of the interest of a story. And, much as he hates the "Sardinian Government," he does not shirk the fact that that Government has given Italy a coinage—if it is only in paper—in which it is possible to reckon; he gives prices in francs, not, like Murray's Handbook, in pauls, dollars, scudi, and nobody knows what barbarous and obsolete reckonings. Take, for instance, the sixteenth chapter, on the Hernican Hills, the description of Ferentino, Alatri, and Anagni. There are those in whom Ferentino and Alatri, Segni and the other places of the class, are names which have long excited a longing to see their wonderful remains of primitive fortifications. But the ordinary books give no intelligible account of the way of getting to them, or of the kind of quarters which can be had among them. Mr. Hare tells us just what we want to know, and we can judge how much of roughing it we can undertake to put up with for the sake of each primeval fortress. The illustrations also often give a good notion of buildings which it is plain that Mr. Hare does not himself always understand; and, if he chooses to use such unmeaning words as "Cyclopean" and "Pelagic," though one pities the fate of those who try to attach some meaning to them, the scholar suffers no real damage. To be sure Gregorovius uses them, just as he calls the armies of Belisarius "Greeks"; and so to call them doubtless does no harm to Gregorovius himself, though it may greatly mislead some of his readers.

In the Introductory Chapter Mr. Hare makes a protest, which in a great measure is founded on truth, against the destruction which has of late gone on at Rome, as at other places, under the garb of restoration. No one can doubt that Cavaliere Rosa has done a good deal of mischief. But he has also brought a great deal to light, and so far he deserves a good word, which Mr. Hare does not seem inclined to give him. And one who walks through Rome or spends his days near Rome, and sees the merciless havoc wrought by the destroyers of the last four centuries, the brutal sweeping away of everything, heathen or Christian, at the mere caprice of this or that Pope or Cardinal or Pope's nephew, will not be inclined to be over harsh on the rulers of liberated Italy, if they have sometimes allowed zeal to outrun discretion. We mourn as much as Mr. Hare can do at the mutilation of the Servian *agger*; we believe that that mutilation might easily have been avoided; still the mutilation of the *agger* for a great work of public usefulness cannot be put on the same level as the systematic destruction of ancient buildings of every kind to build private palaces out of their materials. The King of Italy has not yet stolen anybody's tomb and stuck it up in his own house with an inscription about his own munificence. We are at a loss to guess what Mr. Hare means when he says that Caracalla's baths, "stripped of the flowery carpet which so greatly enhanced

* *Days near Rome*. By Augustus J. C. Hare. With Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1875.

their lonely solemnity, are now a series of bare featureless walls standing in a gravelly waste, and possess no more attraction than the ruins of a London warehouse." Is Mr. Hare sorry to see the mosaic pavements? or what? A prayer to have those magnificent capitals, precious links in the history of architecture, which are lying about on the ground, set up somewhere in safety, might be to the purpose. And if "the gorgeous religious ceremonies, the processions, benedictions, and sermons preached by the shrines of martyrs have ceased to exist," whose fault is that? Not of free Italy surely, but of the old man who sulks in a corner at the sight of her freedom. Mr. Hare's graver accusations against the Italian Government have been answered over and over again; it is his endless spiteful sneering of which we complain. We believe that the choice of Rome for the capital—unavoidable as it was—was on some grounds much to be regretted, and not the least because Rome cannot be changed into a great modern capital without losing much from an antiquarian point of view. But the loss so entailed is trifling compared with the long systematic havoc of the Popes. And, be the loss what it may, we cannot regret that Rome is free.

If Mr. Hare would strike out all these most needless passages, if he would keep his passion for quotation within bounds, and if he would learn a little of those first principles of criticism which teach a man to distinguish legend from history, his thorough knowledge of the country, his vivid power of description, and his further gift of illustration with the pencil, would enable him to throw his book into a form which might make it something really good. At present it is highly useful; but there is something in almost every page which jars on one's feelings with regard either to the past or to the present.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.*

PEOPLE generally are much more familiar with the name than with the works of Sir John Suckling, and the best-informed would find it difficult to quote more from his writings than the quaint and pretty couplet about the lady's feet stealing like little mice from beneath her petticoat, and a few lines of the song in which a lover is requested to explain his reasons for looking so wan and so pale. Gaiety and light-heartedness have seldom found vent more naturally and more brightly than in these two happy pieces; but although a similar spirit is visible in several others of his minor compositions, it is never again expressed with the same sustained animation and felicity. No English anthology would be worth having that did not contain a few of his productions, but it would cease to be an anthology in the true sense of the word if it held many of them. But besides these occasional pieces, these *vers de société*, as they would now be called, Suckling was also the author of at least three dramas which were received with favour in a generation which had seen the "first nights" of some of the greatest productions of the human intellect. At a time, therefore, when the works of such extremely minor dramatists as Tatham and Lacy and Burnaby are being printed in "small paper, large paper, Whatman's paper and vellum," we can hardly wonder that Suckling also should find a publisher.

In this matter of republishing, however, Suckling had been more fortunate than many writers of greater merit. Before the end of the seventeenth century, under the title of *Fragmenta Aurea*, or, as we should now say, *Nuggets*, his smaller poems had been four times printed. In 1709 his Plays and his Letters were added, forming a goodly octavo, which was reprinted in 1717, and again in 1790. Lastly, in 1836, his collateral descendant and representative, the Rev. Alfred Suckling, not unknown to topographers in another field of literary exertion, indulged at once his love of kindred and his love of letters by producing an edition in royal 8vo., which was intended, and to a certain extent deserved, to supersede all that had gone before it. But he erred in one point. He considered that the proper way to restore his author to his merited position in the ranks of literature was to carefully revise his pages with a view to "exclude those passages which the delicacy of the present age would wisely reject." Now while we yield to none in respect for this feeling, we hold that the "indelicacy of the present age" stands on very different ground from the indelicacy of the age of James and Elizabeth, and must be tried by a distinct standard. What we can only regard with sheer unmitigated disgust in a prurient modern novel appears under a different light in the outspoken pages of an Elizabethan drama. Still the question of drawing the line is a most difficult one, and nobody yet has been able to answer it satisfactorily even to himself. The pure and manly Sir Walter Scott at one time declares that there shall be no emasculation of John Dryden while he is his editor, but at another we find him writing to George Ellis that certain passages are "not only double-entendres, but good plain single-entendres—not only broad but long, and as coarse as the mainsail of a first-rate. What to make of them I know not." But Mr. Alfred Suckling carried matters further than this, and almost emulated Mr. Walter Thornbury, who in his recent work on *Old and New London* has reproduced the fourth plate of Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*, where one of the principal figures is darning a hole in her stocking *in situ*, but as the exposure of the leg was considered indelicate, the modern engraver has been ordered

to continue the petticoat to the ground, and the lady is left to ply her needle in mid-air. When we say Mr. Thornbury, we ought perhaps rather to say his publishers, for we observe that the same firm have brought out an edition of Shakespeare from which it appears that they agree in opinion with the "soft dean" of Pope

Who never mention'd hell to ears polite.

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* we have always been accustomed to hear Falstaff say, "I think the devil will not have me damned lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire," which the fastidious Messrs. Cassell alter to "I think the devil will not have me, lest the oil that's in me should set his place on fire!" In making this comparison we do Mr. Alfred Suckling an injustice, for he honestly calls his work "Selections," and gives fair notice of the liberties he has taken, whereas Messrs. Cassell would lead the reader to infer that he has the full and accurate text of Shakespeare before him—we may add the text of the *Harlot's Progress* also, for Charles Lamb, it will be remembered, used to class Hogarth next to Shakespeare, as the author he most prized in his collection. In this way no fewer than twenty-four pieces of Sir John Suckling's were omitted, the majority of which are not worse than are found in every library in what Cowper affectionately called "Dear Mat Prior's lively jingle," embodied in the volume which Dr. Johnson emphatically pronounced to be "a lady's book." These have been properly restored by the present editor, who might, however, have advantageously continued the embargo on at least one disgustingly filthy piece.

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, whose name is signed at the end of the Introductory Notice, although it does not appear on the title-page, is the same gentleman who is simultaneously editing Dodsley's Old Plays, the Works of Thomas Randolph, Shakespeare's Library, &c.; and we do not wonder, therefore, that he has found no leisure to write a new life of the poet, but has put us off with a reprint of the performance of the above-mentioned Rev. Alfred Suckling. We do wonder, however, that any one inheriting, as he does, such strong literary tastes and traditions, should have considered it possible that certain manuscript notes which he has now printed could, under any circumstances, have been the work of William Wordsworth, although signed with his initials; and, to use Mr. Hazlitt's own words, "derived from a copy of Suckling's Works, edit. 1658, purporting to have been formerly in the possession of Wordsworth." There is, for instance, among them a long and elaborate criticism, which has not only his signature at full length, but is dated also "Mount Rydal, May 9, 1838," which we do not hesitate to say could not by any possibility have been the work of the author of *The Excursion*. We give a single specimen. Speaking of Dryden, he is made to say that "no man ever possessed a finer genius for poetry." Now nothing is better known than that Wordsworth's opinion of his great predecessor in the Laureateship was exactly the reverse of this; the highest praise ever wrung from him being, "I admire his talents and genius greatly, but his is not a poetical genius." Next to Dryden, the poet whom this annotator seems most to have admired was Thomas Moore; and we hold that this is equally fatal to his claim to be the bard of Rydal. Fancy, too, Wordsworth writing that "Suckling, Denham, and Walker (*sic*) were the first who polished our versification"—this being one of the heresies which are well known to have been his special abominations. We doubt, also, very much whether the author of *Lucy Gray* would ever have pronounced upon Suckling's *Ballad upon a Wedding* that, "for grace and simplicity, it stands unrivalled in the whole compass of ancient or modern poetry." We hardly think it likely that Mr. Grosart will include these notes in the forthcoming collection of the prose writings of the great poet. The "Ballad" referred to is the exceedingly pretty poem which we have alluded to as containing the well-known lines:—

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.

Suckling, as is well known, was the squire of Witton, near Twickenham, which afterwards belonged to Sir Godfrey Kneller, and in this same ballad he introduces the following personal touch:—

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do fell [*sic*] our hay,
There is a house with stairs—

which we mention because Mr. Hazlitt in a note informs us that "a gentleman *still living* tells me he remembers hay sold there in his early days"; which is not very wonderful, as the same may be said of every Londoner turned of fifty, the Act for removing the market to the neighbourhood of Regent's Park not having come into force till William IV. was on the throne. The house alluded to was the predecessor of the recently pulled-down Northumberland House. The "stairs," we suppose, went down to the river. They are indicated in Agas's Plan of London in Elizabeth's time, but do not figure, so far as we can see, in maps of recent date. The house had been built in the preceding generation by Henry, Earl of Northampton, the second son of Surrey the poet, and bequeathed by him to his nephew, Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, the same who, as Lord Chamberlain, "thrust out" Ben Jonson from a masque, and gave such mortal offence to the high-spirited poet. He afterwards attained an unhappy notoriety as the father of the wretched Countess of Somerset who poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury and was the aunt of the lady whose wedding Suckling celebrates so pleasantly. Mr. Hazlitt gives far too few explanatory notes, and offers no explanation as to why the other plays and the poems

* *The Poems, Plays, and other Remains of Sir John Suckling*. A New Edition, with a Copious Account of the Author, Notes, and an Appendix of Illustrative Pieces. 2 vols. London: F. & W. Kerslake.

should not have been illustrated on the same scale as the *Goblins*, which is printed direct from the 1825 edition of "Dodsley," where it had the good fortune to be included, and the notes therefore were found ready made to hand. The few which Mr. Hazlitt does give have almost always the merit of accuracy, running occasionally, however, into the too favourite groove of elaborately noting where the information is to be found, instead of furnishing the information itself. For example, at vol. ii. p. 40, we find a facetious robber describing how he had mounted a poet "on a coal-staff," which, as they tossed him somewhat high, he apprehended to be Pegasus." The reader naturally wishes to know what a "coal-staff" is, and on casting his eye to the foot of the page he discovers that, if he procures the 1859 edition of Archdeacon Nares's Glossary, he will find the desired information *in voce*. An ordinary editor might, or might not, have made the reference to Nares, but he would certainly have stated that a coal-staff was the pole on which two men carry a burden slung between them, and perhaps would have added that, when Falstaff is packed in the buck-basket under the dirty linen, Mrs. Ford says, "Go take up the clothes quickly; where's the cowl-staff?" He occasionally, though rarely, ventures upon emendations in the text, and in this is not invariably successful; as, for instance, in the *Tragedy of Brennoralt*, where in the old editions a word is evidently misprinted:—

The Lithuanians, Sir,
Are of the wilder sort of creatures, must
Be rid with caviious, and with harsh curbs.

For the mysterious *caviious* the editor, having probably heard of the mare *Canezou*, substitutes the equally mysterious *cavezous*. Anybody who has ever been inside a stable will see that the word is of course *caveasons*, with which Suckling, as a country squire and a cavalry colonel, was perfectly familiar. The continuing to print Lady Juliana Barnes for Lady Juliana Berners may or may not be an error, but ordinary readers would certainly be misled by it, and be puzzled to identify the Prioress of Sopewell who quaintly pronounced that "Jesus was a gentleman." The Reverend Alfred Suckling is of opinion that this expression was the origin of the well-known line "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," which occurs both in *King Lear* and in Suckling's *Goblins*. It would be more remarkable perhaps if it suggested a notable passage in one of Isaac Barrow's sermons:—"In such works it was that the truest and greatest pattern of gentility that ever was did employ himself; who was that? even our Lord himself."

In addition to the twenty-four more or less improper pieces which the care of Mr. Hazlitt has restored to the text, he also gives us three new sets of verses which have not previously appeared in any edition of the poet. The shortest and best of these was discovered by the late Mr. Dyce in a MS. volume of poems of the time of Charles I., and communicated by him to the then juvenile *Notes and Queries*. So we are told by Mr. Hazlitt, who however leaves us to learn for ourselves that another correspondent pointed out that the piece had been in print for more than a hundred years, and that he did not consider that it was "good enough for Suckling." We give the first verse, in order that our readers may judge for themselves:—

I am confirm'd a woman can
Love this, or that, or any other man;
This day she's melting hot,
To-morrow swears she knows you not;
If she but a new object find,
Then straight she's of another mind.
Then hang me, ladies, at your door,
If e'er I doat upon you more.

Whatever advantage Mr. Hazlitt's edition may claim over the other as far as the completeness of its text is concerned, there can be no question about its inferiority in the matter of the portrait of the author. The Rev. Alfred Suckling gave us a really fine engraving from a noble and most characteristic head by Vandyck, while Messrs. Kerslake can find nothing better than an old copperplate, which at once led us to exclaim with the irritated Frenchman in the *Seven Dials*, "Begar, there's Monsieur Tonson come again."

ELSIE.*

THIS is, we have little doubt, the first story of a young lady writer. That it is her first story we infer from a certain freshness that there is about it, and from an absence of those literary tricks into which the regular novelist so soon falls. It is moreover a short story, as stories go, and in one volume. Now, as a general rule, the more an author writes, and the less in consequence he has to say, the longer do his books become. His art teaches him not only to hide, but, if we may so say, to diffuse his emptiness. That the writer of *Elsie* is young we infer partly from the shallowness of the reflections in which she delights. Writers even of an advanced age are often, however, equally fond of moralizing and are equally shallow. There is one passage nevertheless which convicts her in the clearest manner and to the fullest extent of the unpardonable crime of youth. "Elsie," we read, "was the child of Elliot's old age; he had married when considerably above forty." "A. C. M.," for so our youthful author calls herself, could not complain if we were to stop here in the notice of her book, and give the rest of the space at our disposal

to a dissertation on the period when old age begins. We might go to nature and argue that as all animals live, or ought to live, five times as long as the time which it takes them to arrive at perfection, and as man arrives at perfection at twenty-five ("A. C. M." and the rest of the ladies may arrive there for all we care at eighteen or thereabouts), so he ought to live to one hundred and twenty-five years, and therefore can scarcely be at the threshold of old age till he is considerably above eighty. Or we might consider the climacterics, and show that nine times seven are sixty-three and not "considerably above forty." Or, again, we might go to the ancients and show that in Sparta no one was admitted into the Council of the Elders till he was sixty, while at Rome Cicero very properly described himself as a youth at the time of his consulship when he was in his forty-fourth year. We will, however, spare "A. C. M." the vast array of learning which, like the legions of which Pompey spoke, would start up at our bidding, and will be content with leaving to time the cure of that simplicity which places old age between forty and fifty.

Elsie then, we may take it for granted, is, as we have said, the first story of a young—a very young—writer. Perhaps because it is a first story, perhaps because the writer is so young, we have found it on the whole pleasant reading. There are plenty of faults in it, and to these we shall before long come. But these faults are more than balanced by the general interest of the story, and by the merits of one or two of the characters. There is nothing, to be sure, very original either in plot or character, though the device by which the heroine is tricked into a pretended marriage has some originality about it. The author, while she wished to keep her heroine at all events as innocent as Clarissa, with good taste and proper delicacy did not care to paint a villain as black as Lovelace. The story therefore, though the whole plot turns on a runaway marriage which in the end turns out to be no marriage at all, is nevertheless altogether free from those scenes and that sort of writing which too often disgrace the pages of the female novelists of the present day. *Elsie* is rightly called a Lowland Sketch. In fact, only so far as it is a sketch of the peasant life of the Lowlands of Scotland is it interesting. When the story passes into England it begins at once to flag. The author, we have little doubt, is painting scenes and drawing characters with which she has been familiar all her life—all her short life, we should say. Nowhere is she more effective than when she is writing in the Scotch dialect. For all the purposes of the simple pathos of homely honest people where indeed can another such dialect be found? *Elsie's* father, John Elliot, though certainly no very original character, for Scott introduced him to the English world in *Davie Deans* of the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, has nevertheless an interest of his own. The tenderness that so often underlies the hardness of the rigid Calvinist, with his hateful doctrine of predestination, can, if properly handled, be made highly striking and touching by the very contrasts that are presented. With such a creed as that there are sure to be Holy Willies enough, but, while Burns exposed the hard hypocrite, it is fortunate that Scott, and others who, like "A. C. M.," have followed in his steps, should give us the scarcely less hard saint—scarcely less hard, that is to say, till he has proved the uses of adversity and learnt gentleness by suffering. Elliot in his "old age" had married "a light-hearted girl of twenty, bred up in an English home. Though she was proud that her husband was an elder, the kirk wearied her, and the dimly understood doctrine seemed hard and cold. The neighbours held strong prejudices against her as English, and especially as southern English." Passionately fond though he was of his wife, yet "he habitually restrained himself from any expression of tenderness, and considered the talk of the neighbours and the worries it caused in his home, as thorns sent in the flesh for his punishment or warning." A daughter was born to them, the only child they had, for was not Elliot in his old age and considerably above forty?—

The child was called Elspeth. Mrs. Elliot pleaded hard that it should be named Mary, after her mother and herself, but traditions were too strong for her.

"Ca' the eldest born after yer sen, Mary!" said Jean Affleck, the blacksmith's wife. "Na, na; that winna do! Do ye no ken ye maun aye ca' the eldest born after yer gudeman's mither gin it's a lassie, an' after his feyther gin it's a laddie? Then ye may ca' after yer ain feyther and mither, and gin ye hae mair, ye may ca' after yer man and yer sen."

Mary sighed and yielded, but on her lips the name was soon changed into the pretty form of *Elsie*, and as *Elsie* the child was known to all.

There is a pretty scene where Elliot decides that the time had come when *Elsie* should go to school, and when her golden locks, in which her mother so much delighted, should be cut off:—"No, no, John; I cannot cut it! Look at they bonnie locks. Ye have taken the child from me and sent her to the school—I will not have her hair cut." "Ye'll hae the child puffit up wi' vanity and pride gin ye talk o' her hair being bonnie," said he sternly. "Do ye no think the warl, the flesh, an' the deevil are strang eneuch that ye talk like that afore the bairn? Ye maun cut it afore she gangs to schule the morn." Mary hereupon, we are told, shivered. Modern parents, and in fact people out of novels, do not shiver on such occasions. *Elsie* too, when she was a woman, took to shivering, once when she heard her lover sing some wild music, and once again on the morning when she ran away. In the latter case, it is true that she felt a wind that was "like the first breath of autumn." But her shivering had nothing to do with the height of the thermometer, but with the misfortunes which were coming upon her. She shivered, not as a woman, but as a heroine. To return, however, to the story. When she was a girl of thirteen, she was introduced to the hero, Herbert Yates, a young Englishman of fortune, in as

* *Elsie: a Lowland Sketch*. By A. C. M. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

regular and proper a way as an heroic introduction can be made. He broke his ankle-bone, and she ran to fetch the doctor. He was nursed at her father's house, and when on his recovery he left it, he was for the next six years, in which he was absent from the village, her ideal of all that a hero should be. In describing his going away, the author introduces one of her descriptions of nature which, though rather commonplace, are yet pretty enough, and as she too commonly does, at once spoils it by a piece of moralizing:—

How quickly the ripples die on pool or river, no matter what the disturbing cause may have been! The old shadows and reflections settle back, the sunbeams play as before, lighting the gravelly shallows with the same golden smile; the school of startled minnows returns, darting about with silvery flashes; if you keep still enough, even the frightened water hen will steal silently back to her nest, and all seems the same as it was; but it is only seeming—outward only. Depend on it, there is change, if it be only that the pool holds something more in its heart than ever before, or that a thrill has passed through its drops, and they have risen and fallen, some one or two, perhaps, reaching a higher point than they had yet dreamt of, and then

"The countless worlds, with time and place
For their conditions, down to the central base,
Thrill, haply, in vibration and rebound."

Now, the description of the pool into which something is thrown is pretty in its way. But why does "A. C. M." go on to add the solemn nonsense? No doubt, if into a pool or a river you kick an old tin kettle or an empty pomatum-pot, there is a change, if it only be that the pool holds an old tin kettle or an empty pomatum-pot more in its heart than ever before. Perhaps a thrill may have passed through its drops; for if, as the unknown poet tells us, the countless worlds thrill in vibration and rebound, we do not know why the drops of water that form a part of one of the countless worlds should not thrill also. Nevertheless, if they have thrilled, and if they have reached a higher point than they had yet dreamt of, assuming of course that drops of water do dream, we cannot but regret that the heart of the pool, the thrill, and the countless worlds had not been all left for some sillier book. When the lively Miss Monckton insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic, Johnson bluntly denied it. "I am sure," said she, "they have affected me." "Why," said Johnson, smiling and rolling himself about, "that is because, dearest, you are a dunce." "I am sure," we can imagine "A. C. M." would say, "that, though I cannot exactly say what I mean by what I have written, yet when I wrote it it affected me." Might we go on to reply, "Why that is because, my dear but very youthful writer, you are a dunce"? Later on in the story, when Elsie's mother after twenty-two years of married life is called back to England to a dying sister, there is a pretty piece of pathos again spoiled by the most impertinent of all things, an application. The stern husband had, as we have said, shown but little feeling, though he had really much, more indeed than he himself knew, till his wife came to leave him for a while. But we must venture on another quotation, partly to show how simply "A. C. M." can write, and partly to show how she can spoil her simplicity:—

When Elsie brought the big Bible, used at the "exercises," and laid it before him, he gave a kind of low groan, as he looked at the empty chair opposite him, and when they knelt he prayed with fervour, "for her who is awa', awa' from us, O Lord, in a land where many dwell in blinded ignorance, that she may be kept in Thy hand, and that Thou mayst have her always in remembrance;" then, after a pause, "an gin it be Thy good pleasure to restore her till us, that we may be mar till ane anither."

Was this man learning in his wife's absence what her presence might have been? Alas! only too often we learn thus to know our blessings—too often when all hope of our ever again possessing them is gone for ever.

We would put it to our author—did she in the days of her childhood, as she read *Æsop's Fables*, ever read the Applications? We believe that only two children were ever known to have voluntarily read an Application, and one of these when he grew up came to write *Proverbial Philosophy*, and the other *The Recreations of a Country Parson*. Let her take warning by their sad fate, and take care that, as she has a knack of painting a pretty sketch, she does not spoil it by writing underneath it what it means.

We shall not spoil the interest of her story by giving any more of the plot, but shall go on, as we have quoted enough to show what her merits are, to give one or two more instances of her faults. We doubt whether she will ever rise above painting a sketch. If, however, she will be content to leave mental analysis, as it is called, and moralizings on one side, long before she has reached old age, even while she is considerably below forty, she may paint a very pretty sketch indeed. She has kept, on the whole, remarkably free from the current nonsense of the day. But why does she write of "delicate, ineffable blue," and of "a strong, quivering sigh"? Why does she tell us of the tendencies of an atom which are decided for it for ever by the determining impress which it at first received? How could she say of a simple Scotch lass, who knew little out of her Bible and the Shorter Catechism, and had never read a novel in her life, that when her eyes met the hero's "it seemed to her that those two looks focussed the thoughts and feelings of the whole day"? What does she mean by "the deeper sense which underlies all words we use, and which frequently seems like an ineffable hall-mark, stamped upon them at their earliest origin"? What is the deeper sense, we should like to know, which underlies a pot of porter? And why did she allow herself to be misled by Miss Brontë's bad example, and follow her in all her superstitious nonsense about changes in the weather and the fortunes of heroines? Has Mr. Glaisher all this while been weekly determining the average state of the weather for the last fifty years, and are we still to have "weird clouds with

pale mysterious green gaps," and "air that without being cold chills" a man who is on the eve of committing an act of villainy? So important a part does the atmosphere hold in the story that on the eve of the elopement we have a full description given of it as it appeared not only to the heroine but also to the hero, while the sunrise on the morrow receives scarcely less attention. And why, lastly, if she is so silly as to think that "few people can sleep soundly if watched either by eyes that look love or hate," does she not keep her silliness to herself? We must not, however, let ourselves be accused of the sourness that comes from old age by parting with her with an unfriendly word. She has written a story which, with all its faults, and some of them are "thumpers," is yet prettily conceived and prettily told.

HANS STADE'S CAPTIVITY.*

THERE is sufficient interest in Hans Stade's simple tale of his eight years' captivity among the savages of Brazil to justify its admission by the Council of the Hakluyt Society into the list of their publications. Artless and even rude in style, it is characteristic both of the writer and of his race and time. It is one of the very few records written by eye-witnesses of the original explorations of the sixteenth century which have come down to us, and it throws authentic and important light upon many points in the early history of the land of the writer's captivity. Though now for the first time appearing in an English dress, the narrative is by no means new, having been used by Southey in the Latin translation of De Bry's series of voyages. It was printed for the first time in the original German at Marburg in 1557. Copies of this edition are exceedingly rare, as are also those of another impression issued in the same year at Frankfurt, of which the Grenville Library possesses a good copy. A Flemish version was published at Antwerp in 1558, followed by several Dutch translations from 1630 to 1727. The Latin translation in the collection of De Bry (in folio at Frankfurt, 1592) was by a fellow-townsmen of John De Bry, under the name of Teucrus Anneus. The list of editions of Stade's work, compiled by Mr. Clements Markham, ends with the French translation in the collection of voyages by M. Ternaux Compans (Paris, 1839), and the latest German edition issued at Stuttgart in 1859. In a prefatory letter to the Landgrave of Hesse, dated St. Thomas's Day, 1556, Dr. Johannes Dryander, otherwise Zychman, Ordinary Professor of Medicine at Marburg, vouches for the integrity and piety of Hans Stade, whose father he has known for fifty years, and states that he has himself revised the book, and corrected it by the aid of his own study of cosmography and the like matters, which then came under the comprehensive name of the mathematics. He adds that his belief in Stade's honesty is confirmed by his speaking of his fellow-captive Heliodorus, son of the learned Eoban of Hesse, who had long been reported dead, but who might now be expected to return and to confute anything false or lying in Stade's narrative. Of Elias Eoban, who was born in A.D. 1488, and died in 1540, the writer of some Latin poems much talked of in his day, but long forgotten, Southey gives some account. The son of this Heliodorus, Theodoro Ebano Pereira, has been traced by Captain Burton as the founder of Iguaçu, São Paulo, in 1554, as well as of Corityge, the modern Curitiba, capital of the province of Paraná. Not for the sake of glory or pelf, writes Dr. Zychman, has Hans Stade put the record of his two voyages in print, but that it may be known among godless men that the true God still exists, that He hears the prayers of such as are faithful, and that in preserving His servant He has shown signs and wonders through Hans Stade among the heathen savages. The simplicity and straightforwardness of the quaint old sailor are shown on every page of the work, which fully bears out Southey's commendation of it; all subsequent accounts of the Tupi races of Brazil repeat, rather than add to, what Stade had originally set down.

Captain Burton, with characteristic tenacity, adheres to his crotchets of writing "the" Brazil, for which he has always thought it sufficient to plead that the natives, who ought to know best what their country should be called, always speak of it as "o Brasil." We are not aware whether he so far defers to the knowledge of their own country with which the French may be no less fairly credited as to speak habitually of "the France." He may indeed to some extent justify himself by the authority of those who talk of "the Mauritius," although, as far as we are aware, these are not usually natives of the island, the name of which was Latinized from that of Count Maurice of Nassau. It was only through a laxity of speaking or a vague conception of the vastness and multiplicity of the provinces that people used to talk of "the Brazils," as they also talked, or talk, of "the Indies." Finding himself, among his manifold wanderings east and west, in a kind of official exile as consul for the port of Santos, in the province of Brazil, Captain Burton found scope for the restless energy of his nature in explorations of the seaboard, on the track of the wild tribes who of old peopled the mainland and islands adjoining, but of whom little trace remains to the present day beyond the kitchen middens. These are called by the natives Sambaquês, and by the Portuguese "Ostrerías," and are made up of thousands of cubic feet

* *The Captivity of Hans Stade of Hesse, in A.D. 1547—1555, among the Wild Tribes of Eastern Brazil.* Translated by Albert Tootal, Esq., of Rio de Janeiro, and Annotated by Richard F. Burton. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1874.

of shells, chiefly of Venus (berbigões), oyster and mussel, which now supply those regions with lime, and will in consequence ere long be exhausted. Of the wild tribes themselves not a living representative survives, though, like the Guanches of Tenerife, they have left traces of their red blood in the physique and temperament of the mixed breeds who hold the soil from which their rude wigwams have long disappeared. Passing again and again through the Rio Bertioga, the picturesque Euripus between the once populous and still luxuriant island and the mainland, our author landed not unfrequently at the ruin opposite the Forte da Bertioga. The stone heap here marks the site of the old Portuguese fort where Hans Stade served as gunner, and whence he was carried off captive by the cannibal savages, going through the adventures he has so graphically recorded. At Captain Burton's strong recommendation the translation of Hans Stade was undertaken by Mr. Albert Tootal, who has endeavoured to preserve the plain and artless style of the unlettered gunner. This was done, we learn, nearly six years ago, but Captain Burton's transference to Damascus and pre-occupation with other duties and studies has hitherto prevented him from supplementing his friend's translation with the necessary introduction and explanatory notes.

The headlong swing and robust vigour of Captain Burton's literary style are well known, and it is unnecessary to spend time in what he would call captious or squeamish exceptions to sentiments or phrases of superfluous strength. Nor can we ever hope to find him weak enough to feel abashed at the exposure of blunders in spelling such as "sphynx," or bits of sheer carelessness like making "fifteen statute miles = 10 geographical miles." For occasional trips like these he makes up perhaps by the general vigour and picturesqueness of his mode of writing. His sketches of tropical scenery and savage life are full of warmth and glow, and his sympathy with the great explorers and wild buccaneers of old times gives life to all he has to say of the present aspect of their haunts. He makes us realize in all its light and beauty the Bertioga or Rio Grande, the scene of Hans Stade's captivity, a broad sea-arm, nowhere deep, narrow at the mouth, and calling for heedfulness in the mariner, "its northern jaw" being foul with hidden rocks. On the right hand the bearded hills and knolls of Santo Amaro slope gradually to the water brink; the island, once populous and cultivated, still preserving ruins of Engenhos or sugar-houses, now a mass of wild and luxuriant second growth. The burning sun alternating with flooding rains and the plague of Sauba (the correct Tupi term for which he tells us was Yçayba, which we should write Isayba) more than compensate for all the natural fertility of the soil, and go far to forbid agriculture, albeit Fray Gaspar da Madre de Dios, the monographer of his native provinces, attributes to the indolence of his countrymen that large Fazendas (plantations) had been overgrown with bush. On the left hand is the Morro de Cabraão, crowned with the grand and endlessly varied Brazilian forest, dwarfing the noblest of European timber. Art here is wholly absent. Half way through the passage comes a lime manufactory fallen into neglect. Not much life is met with anywhere near, but many proprietors from Santos have boxes up the Bertioga for fishing and for shooting deer and tapir, now rare in the neighbourhood of civilization. Altogether, the scenery must present much the same aspect as it had in the eyes of the first European visitor, who, when Fr. Gaspar wrote, was believed to have been Martin Afonso de Souza. It now appears from the log-book of his brother, Pero Lopes de Souza, that the squadron did not touch hereabouts till January 22, 1532; whereas Varnhagen has shown that Cape S. Agostinho is mentioned in A.D. 1504, that S. Vicente is on the map of J. Ruysch, dated 1508, and S. Thomé and Angra dos Reis are spoken of by Navarrete in 1519. The earliest nomenclature of the coast may confidently be attributed to Gonçalo Coelho, in 1501, with whom went as pilot and cosmographer Amerigo Vespucci. This was not however the date of the earliest sight of the land by Europeans. The first formal discovery of Brazil may with confidence be assigned to Alonso de Ojeda, who, with Vespucci on board, touched about the end of June 1499 at the Cape afterwards called after S. Augustine. The second commander to touch there was Pinzon, January 28th or 26th, 1500, who believed he had struck India. It was not till three months later that Pedro Alonso Cabral followed, to whom the Brazilian historians unfairly give all the glory. Bertioga, according to Fray Gaspar, is a corruption of *Buriqui oca*, "the house of Buriqui," a kind of red monkey formerly abundant here. The name was applied at first to the hill behind the settlement, on the northern point of the Serra de Santo Amaro, but generally it extended to the district around, and to the whole sea-arm. Vasconcellos calls it Biritioga, and the author of the *Noticia do Brazil Britioga*. Here were established two forts, one by Martin Afonso, named after S. Felipe, the other named Santiago. Hans Stade speaks in general of the Fort of Santo Amaro. Captain Burton found the building and outworks modernized, yet the old plan traceable. Half-a-dozen rusty carronades lie about, the door of the battery is off its hinges, and a canoe occupies the guard-room. The honours of the fort and village were done by the C. O., Manuel dos Santos, who commands a garrison of four men, keeps a little store of groceries and rum, and passes his time mainly in making nets of Tucum fibre (*Astrocaryum tucum*), complaining that business is not brisk. Opposite this fortaleza is one of the *incunabula* of the Luso-Brazilian Empire, the site of the old tower of earth and mud built in 1532 by Martin Afonso, and rebuilt in 1552 by Thomé de Souza, the island being wisely preferred for purposes of security to the mainland. When Martin landed and threw up his tower in three days, and mounted his guns, he was

surprised to find a white man walk up to parley in advance of three hundred native braves, under their great warrior chief Tebyreça. This was João Ramalho, a Portuguese refugee, who had married the chief's daughter. The best of terms were forthwith established, Tebyreça prefixing to his name Martin Afonso, in sign of baptism and of love for his white friend. He is not to be confounded, Captain Burton warns his readers, with another Indian of great note, Martin Afonso de Souza, alias Ararigboia, who beat the French invaders in 1568.

The subsequent fortunes of the settlement are succinctly traced by Captain Burton, who guides the reader over the hundred miles or so of coast between Santos and Ubatuba, or, as old writers have it, Ubatyba, from the quantity of tall cane ("Uba," or "Vuba," *Arundo Sagittaria*, and "tyba," place of growth and abundance). In the three centuries and more which have elapsed since Hans Stade wrote, the "Indian" population of Brazil, which at its first visitation by Europeans was estimated at a million of Redskins, has dwindled, according to the census of 1872, to a quarter of that number, the slave population of negro blood being numbered at 1,683,864, and the free white at 8,162,114. Upon the scene of Stade's narrative, however, the true Indian is now utterly extinct. Appended to the tale of his captivity is a "veritable and short account" of the manners and customs of the Tuppi Imbas, whose prisoner he was, which in the eyes of an anthropologist is unrivalled for its time in fulness and accuracy. The use of "Ituque," or stone knives, which are still found in abundance thereabouts, and are even now in use in more inland regions; the worship by means of Maracá, or rattles; the ingenious structure of their huts; the placing round their dwellings, not only of hedges like the fortified "craals" of central and southern Africa, but of sharp thorns by way of caltrops, such as Captain Burton met with among the Mpongwe of the Gaboon; their skill with the bow, commanding, it is stated, a range of four hundred feet, shooting fish as well as birds or monkeys; their use of the fire-drill; and their never leaving their tents without light, for fear of the Devil, whom they call Ingange, and whom they often see—these, with less singular characteristics, are set down by Hans Stade with a minuteness and an air of truth which bespeak an amazing keenness of observation and retentiveness of memory. It is especially upon the cannibalism of the Tupis that he dilates. At many a feast he had perforce to assist, though he escaped from partaking the "Mokaen," as the roasted flesh of Christians was called. The modern Brazilians, Captain Burton tells us, have adopted the form "Moquem" from the Tupi "Mocaen." "Barbacon" was the Guayena word; whence our "Barbecue." He had himself far more horror of being eaten than of being killed. It was not, he says, from hunger that the natives ate their captives, but from enmity. While fighting, one calls out to the other, "Dete Immeraya, Scherimiramme, heiwoe"; "May every misfortune come upon thee, my meat!" "De Kanga Yuca eypota kurine"; or, "This day I will yet break your head!" "Sche Innamme pepicke Resagu"; or, "To revenge my friend's death on thee, am I here!" "Yande soo, sche mocken Sera, Quora Ossorime Rire, etc.," or, "Thy flesh shall this day, before the sun sets, be my roast!" The use of the tonsure, which they trace to a certain mysterious Meire Humane, one of their forefathers, opens the vexed question of the possible visitation of the continent by earlier Europeans, not to speak of the legendary mission of St. Thomas, upon which point Captain Burton's notes deserve to be read with attention. His editorial care is throughout of service in bringing together the scattered passages of early lore and curious observation with which this quaint and simple narrative abounds.

UNTRODDEN SPAIN.*

BOOKS on Spain grow for the most part duller and duller as the well-worn theme is more thoroughly exhausted; but this one is so good that we wish it had been somewhat better. The matter is unexceptionable, but the manner would bear amending in the author's interest. Occasionally he is needlessly redundant on some subject that happens to have a special fascination for him; not unfrequently he repeats himself at intervals, and very often in almost identical words; he sometimes indulges freely in digressions which, although often excellent in themselves, have but slight bearing on the context. The consequence is that we have a couple of large and closely printed volumes whose appearance is rather calculated to frighten us from falling in love with them at first sight. So much we are bound to say in way of fault-finding, but even for these defects we can suggest ample excuses for the author. At present he appears to be the acting chaplain to mines in a remote district of the Peninsula, and probably he had but indifferent opportunities either for fastidious literary labour or for revising his rough work in the proofs; while, on the other hand, it is doubtless to that out-of-the-way life of his that we are indebted for the fresh originality of his volumes. Having thus discharged our mind in respect of unfavourable comments, we can give ourselves up to praising him with a clear conscience. In the first place, his title of *Untrodden Spain* is no misnomer. He leads us into scenes and among classes of Spaniards where few English writers have preceded him.

* *Untrodden Spain, and her Black Country*. By Hugh James Rose, M.A. of Oriol College, Oxford, Chaplain to the Mining Companies of Linares, and late Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces at Dover. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1875.

George Borrow mixed freely with the people, travelled everywhere, was deterred by neither dangers nor hardships, and his vivid descriptions are unique and not to be surpassed. But Borrow travelled and wrote with a dominating purpose, and consequently his general descriptions are rather cursory and incidental. Mr. Rose, on the contrary, has devoted himself to very comprehensive observation, merely avoiding as much as possible the great highways and the favourite centres of travel. He has a quick and many-sided mind, and is amazingly versatile in his tastes. By profession he is a clergyman, and, like Borrow, is deeply interested in religious questions. He has been a military chaplain, and understands something of soldiering. He has lived an active life, and is fond of field sports; he admires scenery; he has travelled, and has seen much elsewhere to furnish him with matter for comparisons; although he makes no great pretensions to science, he knows something of natural history and botany. As mining chaplain he has become strong in the practice of metallurgy, and Spain of course is marvellously rich in minerals. Above all, he is very much a man of the world; his studies of mankind have been fairly promiscuous, and, although sincerely religious, he is no rigid precisian to be shocked with the everyday world as he finds it. In short, while he knows his own place and keeps it, he has a happy knack of making friends everywhere. Now he is poking about the fish markets at Cadiz, having stumbled on an old acquaintance among the fishermen, who insists on offering him humble but hearty hospitality. Now he is discussing herbs and simples with a market-gardener, inspecting rude water-wheels and primitive systems of irrigation. Now he has won the hearts of the superintendents of some charitable institution, who are delighted to show him over the wards, and confide to him the most minute details of their management, in spite of the difference of jarring creeds. And, again, he is away for a shooting expedition in the mountains and *despoblados*, with a party knocked up from among the priests, innkeepers, and farmers to whom he has been favoured with letters of introduction. Or, under the guidance of his barber, he goes out for a day among the partridges with decoy birds, and is learning novel experiences with much suffering and disappointment, as he lies under a broiling sun in a stifling ambuscade of interwoven branches. It will be seen how wide and varied is the range of subjects that are treated in his book; and we can safely assert that the man who is most familiar with Spain may pick up much information from Mr. Rose. And the reading is the very reverse of dull, notwithstanding what we felt bound to say at the outset about redundancy and gratuitous digression. For the author's tone is thoroughly fresh and animated; his information is often original, and always conveyed with spirit; while he has a ready memory for good stories, and a happy knack of adapting them in the way of illustration.

Owing to his occupation as a mining chaplain "in the interior," as he expresses it, Mr. Rose's experiences have lain chiefly among the lower classes, and it is precisely these classes that the tourist sees the least of. In his opinion, the leading characteristic of Spanish character is its "passionateness." It is a word and a blow with the typical native, only the blow often precedes the word. There is no country where the maxim of the soft answer that turns away wrath is likely to do better service, and a prudent foreigner who desires to prolong his days had better cultivate the art of temporizing—a point which Mr. Rose illustrates by one of his stories. A friend of his, when out riding, came on a couple of infuriated men rushing on each other with uplifted knives. Foolishly, from the selfish point of view, he galloped forward to throw himself between them. In the sharp interchange of words that ensued, one of the men "let fall the fact that they were brothers." Instantly the mediator made a forcible and touching appeal to them on that ground. Whereupon one of the brawlers impulsively thrust his knife back into the sheath, suffered the stranger to take his arm to conduct him home, and took leave of him with the grateful words, "You are my friend. Thanks to God, I lie down to-night with hands not wet with my brother's blood." For, rude, passionate, and utterly illiterate as they are, the Spanish "roughs" have a certain generosity of impulse, and some instinctive nobility of expression. The Spaniard's courage, in Mr. Rose's opinion, is paradoxical. He will show plenty of it when he knows himself to be the object of attention, as in feats of daring horsemanship or in the combats of the bull-ring. He will stand up in the *Venta* for a desperate fight with knives with a group of excited onlookers gathered around him; and Mr. Rose does him the justice to say that he seldom uses his knife for the purposes of cowardly assassination. But as a soldier he is not to be implicitly relied upon, and this Mr. Rose attributes to the semi-barbarism of the people, which prevents them from acting in concert and developing the virtue of mutual reliance. He has other qualities, however, which fit him for serving in the ranks of an army where pay is always miserable and very generally in arrear. He is undoubtedly patient and contented, which is just as well for him, considering that, under the most favourable conditions, he has only the equivalent of our penny for his pocket-money. He is no drunkard as a rule, though he enjoys his *copa* of strong liquor. But, whatever he may earn, he never lays by, and Spain is not the country of savings banks. Improvidence is bred in his bone, and he is invariably an inveterate gambler. The common people stake their *pesetas* in the State lotteries. Cards are perpetually leading to brawls in the drinking shops. The men cannot even join in games of strength, such as pitching the heavy iron bar, without having their bets on each separate toss. The consequence is that there will always be ample scope for the charity of the well-to-do. A man as he grows

old will restrict his wants to his diminished earnings, but when he can work no longer he throws himself on society, betaking himself to professional mendicancy. And, partly perhaps from fellow-feeling, partly by way of investing his surplus capital in good works, Spaniards in easy circumstances are strangely tolerant of these social pests. Every one who has even passed through the country must have been pestered by sturdy beggars crowding into the fashionable cafés, and Mr. Rose relates that he has seen smart shopkeepers, always busy in money-getting, break off from serving their customers to bestow a trifle on some hideous object at their doors. Yet there is a great deal of benevolence in Spain of a very different order from such ill-regulated and indiscriminate almsgiving. Mr. Rose's volumes throw a novel light on the variety of admirable public institutions of all kinds, conducted on principles at once careful and liberal, supported almost entirely by voluntary contributions, and directed by people who throw their hearts into the work.

We have said enough perhaps to explain the meaning of the designation of the "Untrodden Spain" into which Mr. Rose invites us to accompany him, although we have merely indicated the direction of his various wanderings in it. The "Black Country" is simply the Spanish mining districts, and in these, so far as the South of the country is concerned, Mr. Rose is as thoroughly at home as long residence can make him. The Spanish miner is much like the rest of his class all the world over. An exceedingly rough specimen of the rudest of his fellow-countrymen, possessing not a few of their most sterling qualities, he exaggerates their many faults, and has some special vices of his own into the bargain. He is given to drinking. He has a great deal of ferocity with much superstition. He is coarse and obscene in his language, and very loose in his life. Having more money at his disposal than labourers less severely worked, although the pay is scanty enough for the toil he has to undergo, he can afford himself many more indulgences. And it must be owned that the life he is forced to lead is enough to demoralize him. He spends most of his time beneath the ground in mines badly managed and wretchedly ventilated. He knows that he may think himself lucky if he lives till he is five-and-thirty; while the chances are that he may come to a violent end before he attains the average age of the miner. Mr. Rose gives a graphic description of a descent into one of the better mines, which is worked by an English Company. Probably the shafts had been commenced by the Phenicians or Romans, but the modern mining Associations have driven them four times as deep. "In the lower galleries the miner has to work up to his ankles in mud and water, although the pumps are for ever at work night and day. In places we had to crawl through dismal passages about two feet high by two broad." Yet, with all the ferocity and *Españolismo* of these reckless Spanish roughs, it is instructive to hear how the resolute and equally rugged Cornish superintendents hold their own with them. One of these men mentioned to Mr. Rose in course of conversation how a Spaniard who had been discharged came upon him when unarmed, evidently determined to deal him a deadly blow. "The North countryman folded his arms and stood like a rock. The Spaniard, seeing his right hand near his breast, and surprised by his coolness, said, 'Ah, you have a revolver!' 'Well, then,' said the North countryman, eagerly seizing the suggestion, 'I am the best man.' 'And,' added he, telling me the story, 'I reckon I did not tell any lie either.'" We have necessarily been gleaning much at random, and indeed the book is so much of a medley that we feel we are only doing it injustice in attempting to give an idea of it by selections. We can only recommend our readers to get it and search for themselves. Those who are most intimately acquainted with Spain will best appreciate its varied excellences.

COOKE'S FUNGI.*

ALTHOUGH it is no slight guarantee for the sterling nature of this volume of the International Scientific Series that it has had the supervision of Mr. Berkeley, yet substantially the whole of the work is due to the labours of the author of *A Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi*, and of the able and exhaustive *Handbook of British Fungi*. It is indeed qualified to take its place between the two, as being more scientific and better adapted for the use of students than the former, while it forms a lucid and sufficient introduction to the latter. Many readers naturally content themselves with the popular and rudimentary knowledge conveyed in the first-named volume, or in Mr. Worthington Smith's *Mushrooms and Toadstools*; but to those who wish to get up the subject with a view to the discrimination of species and the thorough understanding of the curious problems of mycological science, it is essential that they should acquire, step by step, a knowledge of the structure, classification, spore-dissemination, germination and growth, sexual reproduction, and polymorphism of the fungoid section of the vegetable kingdom, no less than of the nature, uses, habitats, and cultivation of fungi. The latter half of the task is that which can most easily be made attractive and interesting to the uninitiated reader, but the former half, which is elaborately detailed in several chapters in the volume before us, concerns more the *bonâ fide* learner, and is excellently adapted to qualify him for a scientific insight into the subject, whether he is brought

* *Fungi: their Nature, Influence, and Uses.* By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D. Edited by the Rev. M. I. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

face to face with it in books, or studies it in field-excursions. Probably to such learners the scientific nomenclature which sometimes makes one doubt whether one is not reading a foreign language will grow more and more natural, page after page; and it is obvious that its use as an "international" medium of communicating the knowledge of mycology must be very great.

Leaving such a reader, for the most part, to the guidance which he will find in the more scientific chapters, let us see what there is in the present volume calculated to attract new recruits to a science deserving of more favour than it has won hitherto. Dr. Cooke will be found to make good the assertion that fungi are veritable plants, if of a low organization, by the establishment of legitimate species and forms, in the agarics for example, which are as permanent and distinct as in the flowering plants. An analogy to the higher plants is observable in the more or less developed vegetative and reproductive system of fungi, on the measure of which development depends their perfectness and completeness:—

In some it is simple; in others very complex. In many of the moulds we have miniature representatives of higher plants in the mycelium, or roots, stem, and branches, and at length capsules bearing spores which correspond to seeds. It is true that leaves are absent, but these are sometimes compensated by lateral processes of abortive branchlets. A tuft of mould is in miniature a forest of trees.

In cases where fructification is absent and the vegetative system alone produced, the approximation to algae becomes very close, and from algae Dr. Cooke is led to the question of the affinity of lichens and fungi, as to which, having passed in review the various theories upon this yet unsettled point, he maintains that there is a material difference without denying a close alliance. The firmness and elasticity of the tissues, and the general character of the fruit of lichens, are his reasons for this conclusion, which he clinches by the observation that, though many lichens at first sight resemble the Hysteriacei on twigs, wood, stems, and leaves, yet lichenologists and mycologists are always able to distinguish their own.

Before passing from the nature of fungi to their uses, we have only to say that the chapters on their structure and classification appear to embrace all that the student can require; and that the arrangement adopted as to classes is that of Fries, as modified to meet Mr. Berkeley's more recent microscopic researches in the *Introduction to Cryptogamic Botany*, and adopted in Lindley's *Vegetable Kingdom*. On the uses of fungi we have the more excuse for dwelling, because Great Britain, wisely or unwisely, lags behind the rest of the world in the recognition of them, and the sensible moderation of Dr. Cooke is more likely than headlong advocacy to win general confidence. It is surely time for a candid examination of the grounds for our insular prejudice, which exempts only the "common mushroom" (*Agaricus campestris*); whilst (as Dr. Cooke puts it) "the characters of half-a-dozen good esculent fungi are learned as easily as the distinctions between half-a-dozen birds such as any ploughboy can discriminate." On this subject our author quotes an American authority of weight and character, the late Dr. Curtis, who says

that hill and plain, mountain, valley, woods, fields, and pastures swarm with a profusion of good nutritious fungi which are allowed to decay where they spring up because people do not know how or are afraid to use them. By those of us who know their use their value was appreciated as never before in the late war, when other food was scarce and dear. Then such persons as I have heard express a preference for mushrooms over meat had no need to lack grateful food, easily had for the gathering, and within easy distance of their homes, if living in the country. Such was not always the case, however. I remember once during the gloomy period when there had been a protracted drought, and fleshy fungi were only to be found in damp shaded woods, and but few even there, that I was unable to find enough of any one species for a meal, so gathering of every kind, I brought home thirteen different kinds, had them all cooked together in one grand *pot-pourri*, and made an excellent supper.

On Dr. Curtis's list are several which are found, but not eaten, in Britain, as *e.g.* *Agaricus columbetta*, *Ag. speciosus*, and *Ag. squarrosus*. There is also *Agaricus cesarius*, a splendid orange species, not yet found in England, though considered edible on the Continent, belonging to the same sub-genus as the Fly Agaric, which is highly poisonous. Dr. Curtis bears witness to the profusion of this imperial agaric in the United States, but at the same time regards it as most unpalatable by reason of its strong saline flavour. Another British fungus, resembling the Fly Agaric (*A. muscarius*) in its wart-studded cap, is wholesome, though not excellent, and is said to make good ketchup—namely, *Ag. rubescens*. In France it is reputed one of the most delicate mushrooms of the Lorraine. It is, however, difficult to account for taste, or to estimate the edibility of fungi, without taking account of the conditions under which they are eaten; for in p. 211 ("Influences and Effects") we find a French recipe, unendorsed by the author, for rendering poisonous fungi edible, by means of salt, vinegar, and long boiling; and it appears beyond a doubt that the Fly Agaric itself is eaten without ill results in Russia. The same is said of the dangerous and virulent *Russula emetica*, but Dr. Cooke by no means recommends experimenting on this or *Agaricus verna*, or the ill-omened *Boletus luridus* and *Boletus vernus*. "The late Mr. Salter," he says, "informed us that, when employed on the Geological Staff, he at one time lived almost entirely on different species of *boleti* without using much discrimination. Sir W. C. Trevelyan informs us that he has eaten *Boletus luridus* without any unpleasant consequences, but we confess we should be sorry to repeat the experiment" (p. 95). Those who knew Mr. Salter would have preferred sitting at his feet in geological matters to accepting his lead in prac-

tical questions; and as to Sir Walter Trevelyan's experiences of *B. luridus*, it is at least safest, as a rule, to avoid fungi which turn to intense or vivid blue when cut or bruised (*cf.* p. 115). There is a *Polyporus*, by no means uncommon in England, on the trunks of trees, called from its colour and juice "sulfureus." Our authorities agree in banning it as unfit for food. Dr. Curtis, however, regards it as tolerably safe, although not to be coveted, nor to be eaten by persons with weak stomachs. From the toughness of ordinary samples we should say "decidedly not." Out of the list of fungi, however, at our command there will remain, after excepting all doubtful cases, not a few that are fit for food, especially if eaten fresh, and not in a state of decay which might equally condemn fruit and vegetables. Thus the common mushroom (*A. campestris*), about which there can be no mistake if its spores are purple, its gills first pink and then purple, and if it is ringed round the stem, and not gathered in the woods, may be supplemented by the larger meadow or horse mushroom, much used even now for ketchup, by the *Ag. gambosus*, or St. George's Mushroom, a spring fungus in May and June, or by *Ag. pratensis* for an autumn dainty. *Agaricus melleus* is not yet accepted in England, though sold in the markets of Vienna. *A. procus*, the Parasol Mushroom, is eaten at English fungus feasts with a gusto, and its ketchup is better than that from the common mushroom.

A. prunulus and *orella*, neat white agarics, with a mealy odour, the one growing in woods, the other in open glades, and distinct species according to Dr. Bull and Fries, are excellent additions, and there is an ivory white agaric (*Dealbatus*) which is apt to appear in profusion in old mushroom beds beside the genuine mushroom. We have on other occasions described the *Coprinus comatus*, *Agaricus personatus* (the old "Blewits" of Covent Garden Market), the *Lactarius deliciosus* (with its orange milk, and tendency to turn green when bruised, but none the worse for that), the *Fistulina hepatica* (beefsteak fungus), *Hydnum repandum* (with a slight flavour of oysters), and the *Boletus edulis* (the B. "suillus" at which Martial unreasonably turned up his nose). More might be enumerated which are easy to distinguish, and excellent to eat. The pity is that, as we gather from the interesting chapter on Cultivation, so little success has rewarded the endeavours to enlarge our list of cultivated fungi. Cases of the *Lycoperdon giganteum* and *Ag. dealbatus* in garden mushroom-beds seem to have been accidental and not permanent; nor has any great result as yet followed the attempt to raise truffles, morels, or champignons. Still there is no lack, as has been shown, of fungi good for food. In the *Neighgherries* a subterranean fungus of the genus *Mytilia*, which passes for pigmies' bread, and is allied to the so-called native bread of Tasmania, is found at an elevation of 5,000 feet; but this and several other curiosities among esculent fungi are too exceptional to demand more than passing notice. Except as food, the uses of fungi, though adjudged by our author to be more extensive and important than those of lichens or even algae, are soon told. In medicine the *ergot* on rye, wheat, and wild grasses, still holds a place; and *Polyporus officinalis*, as well as the Giant Puff-ball, are still employed as styptics. The ripe spongy capillitium of the latter is often used as a narcotic and an anodyne. A list of other varieties medicinally used in India and China is given in p. 103; but that they are of dubious virtue may be inferred from the fact that one of them, *Torrubia sinensis*, developed on dead caterpillars, pays a double debt as a drug and as a stuffing for roast duck. A correspondent of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* (March 14, 1875) encountered it recently in the latter form in Hong Kong. From *Polyporus fomentarius* are prepared, besides *German tinder*, or *amedou*, caps, chest-preservers, and snuff! Other uses of fungi are for vinegar-making, for fly poison, and for dyeing. Tunbridge ware owes one of its tints to the use of wood stained, while growing, with the diffuse mycelium of its parasite, *Helotium scriginosum*.

An interesting chapter on the more remarkable phenomena of fungi introduces us to the luminosity or phosphorescence noticeable in certain agarics and polypores, and shows the general opinion to be that this luminosity is not necessarily connected with the fructification of the fungi; as not the hymenium only, but the entire flesh, is found to give out light at times, while an imperfect fungus, quite devoid of fructification, the *Rhizomorpha*, is proved to be luminous. It is observable that this luminosity, which in the jungles is such that a traveller, it is said, might see to read by it, decreases in intensity as the fungus dries. The fungus-lamps of the jungle, by the way, are matched by the *Polyporus annosus* of the Cardiff coal-mine timbers, which is so luminous that it can be seen in the dark at twenty yards' distance:—

In all recorded cases of phosphorescence [writes Dr. Cooke] the light emitted is described as of the same character, varying only in intensity. It answers well the name applied to it, as it seems remarkably similar to that emitted by some living insects, and other animal organisms, as well as to that evolved under favourable conditions by dead animal matter—a pale bluish light, resembling that emitted by phosphorus as seen in a dark room.

The other phenomenon dwelt upon is the change of colour on the bruised or cut surface of certain fungi, an indicator of poisonous species in the *boleti*, though by no means so in the case of the orange-milk *Lactarius*, of which the juice is oxydized and turns to green on exposure to the air.

The chapter on Polymorphism deals with the facts and theories of recent years as to the different forms assumed by fungi in the course of their development in a wise spirit of caution, and well fulfils the author's object—namely, to illustrate rather than exhaust a subject still under discussion. More generally readable is the chapter on "Influences and Effects," though some of this is anticipated in

that on the uses of fungi. On the whole it may be said that Dr. Cooke establishes his statement that the "whole question of epidemic diseases being caused by the presence of fungi rests on most incomplete evidence." Dr. Hallier's theory of cholera contagion failed to satisfy the experts sent to test it from this country. Among indubitable hostile influences to plants Dr. Cooke enumerates the dry-rot fungus, which eats into house-timber—indirectly, through saturating its cells with its juice—in the form of "Merulius laerimans," and into oak-built vessels, in the form of "Polyporus hybridus." He describes too the fungoid pests which we know best as corn-mildew, rust, bunt, and the serious potato disease (*Peronospora infestans*). The peronosporas are of many species, and do not limit themselves to potatoes, but assail lettuce, spinach, young onions, and field crops of lucerne. But a newer pest is the hollyhock plague (*Puccinia malvacearum*), which came from South America and was unknown to England before last year. "It is common on wild mallows, and cotton-plants must be on the alert, for there is a probability that other malvaceous plants may suffer." A writer who describes it in the *Gardener's Chronicle* suggests, as a remedy, to sponge (not syringe) the hollyhocks with a dose of Condy's patent fluid, diluted with water in the proportion of one or two large tablespoons to a quart; this he has found effectually to kill the pest without injury to the foliage. He further suggests that planting the hollyhock too thickly should be avoided, as it thus becomes a readier prey to the pest. The above remarks and extracts will be sufficient to show the character of Mr. Cooke's work, which includes so much other noteworthy matter within less than three hundred pages that we reluctantly pass unnoticed two excellent chapters on the habitats and geographical distribution of fungi.

THIS WORK-A-DAY WORLD.*

"PERHAPS this seems a dull story to tell," says Holme Lee in her quality of biographer of Winny Hesketh's ups and downs as a sometime governess, sometime authoress; and we are sorry to have to confirm her opinion. *This Work-a-Day World* is about the dulllest novel it has ever been our lot to read. We have uninteresting events artistically told; characters without individuality or importance, like supernumeraries on a stage, playing no part, but simply passing across the boards to make a show of numbers; a story that has for plot the thinnest thread of a love affair, with only one chance possible that the Welsh wife would die and leave Leonard Durant and Winny free to marry and be happy according to established usage; repetition of circumstance, as if all the invention and fancy of the author had run dry. There is absolutely nothing in the book save its harmlessness and fragmentary smartness to recommend it to the public. We are sorry to say this. Holme Lee is a deservedly popular author, turning out neat, careful, well-considered work, never strong but for the most part pure, and full of nice feeling and clever little touches. We have the purity, the nice feeling, and the clever little touches here; but the dreary, deadly dullness pervading the whole narrative nullifies any good to be had out of experienced workmanship, and only those omnivorous readers to whom anything in the shape of a novel is acceptable will enjoy *This Work-a-Day World*, or find the perusal of it profitable or pleasant.

There are books the criticism of which seems almost written to one's hand. Either they are so full of laudable matter, the characters are so lifelike, the events flow so naturally from foregone circumstances and are in themselves so interesting, the thought underlying the fiction is so deep, that the reviewer's ordinary allowance of space is insufficient for all that can be said in analysis and commendation, or they are so absurd as to give occasion for any amount of ridicule and laughter. But what can be done with a book, eminently praiseworthy and respectable in its design, which is so dull as this last production of Holme Lee's? There is really nothing to criticize. Between a conscientious desire to deal fairly by the author and a sense of what is due to his own readers, the critic of a book like this is utterly at a loss. Holme Lee is not an author to be passed over in silence, but when Homer nods it is not possible to sing paeans to his sprightly wit, or to praise him for carrying his head upright.

The opening chapters of *This Work-a-Day World* are provocingly full of promise—literary buds never destined to expand, and dying off without opening into flowers or setting into fruit. They are in Holme Lee's best style, quaint, careful, photographic, and give the reader a pleasant foretaste of still better things to come. The narrow respectability of Castle Green, and the heartburnings of the select community gathered there when Widow Hesketh opens the first shop among them; the character of Widow Hesketh herself, honourable, Spartan, business-like, scarcely just in her dealings with her children, inasmuch as she indulges the boy and coerces the girl after the manner of mothers in general, but intending to be both just and kind, if never tender or indulgent; the two children, Dick and Winny, the former idle, specious, selfish, the latter self-willed, high-principled, strong, industrious, and both recalling Tom and Maggie in the *Mill on the Floss* more forcibly than we should have expected from an author experienced in the craft; the details of their pinched home life; the advent of the fine London lady, Aunt Agnes, with her husband and daughter, and the inharmoniousness of her finery with the

Castle Green simplicity; the childish sorrow of poor Winny over her scanty frocks and insufficient wardrobe, and her natural feminine longings for dove-coloured silks and pretty ornaments—all these are charming by way of preface; and if the body of the work had carried out these introductory lines, Holme Lee would have achieved a decided success. The first falling off is when Winny becomes a pupil-teacher at Manor School; and we should say that this falling off was due to over-done portraiture. The details are too accurate—that is, they are bald, dry, without pictorial effect or dramatic vitality. We have no real picture of the school, because we have too many unimportant circumstances chronicled at too great length. What does it help us or the story to be told that "Mr. Hollingshed, Mr. Cave, and Mr. Anderson were still Winny's masters"? when Mr. Hollingshed, Mr. Cave, and Mr. Anderson are only names with the functions of writing and arithmetic, drawing, and music, respectively attached to them? We will give an extract to show what we mean by the dry and unimportant details which do not make a picture:—

Mr. Hollingshed was indulgent as ever to his stupid little pupil; Mr. Cave soon discovered that she had no leisure to work for him in his absence, and was resigned; but Mr. Anderson found fault with her imperfectly-practised pieces, and said she was falling off instead of improving. Then she told him that she had no time to practise until after the young ladies were in bed—from nine till ten o'clock—and she did the best she could. The reasonable man shrugged his shoulders, and was answered. But Miss Hubbard, the English teacher, had no such consideration in her soul. The futile system of repetitions without change or omission of one word was in full force at this period, and it was her business to hear them. Winny could get the fluent sense of her lessons easily, but get her phrases verbatim in brief odd moments between other duties she never could; and when she pleaded that she had no time for herself wherein to learn them, Miss Hubbard confounded her with that stereotyped, useful advice to drudges, to *make time*, which she had already carried out to the utmost elasticity of her waking-hours. So next she stole an hour from her morning-sleep, and often, when the maids crept down stairs in the cold November darkness, a thread of light that slid through a chink in the school-room door betrayed Miss Winifred at her silent tasks. There was a prudent woman amongst them who mentioned the fact to Mrs. Brunton, and a cup of milk and thick slice of bread were henceforward left on her desk over-night; but no *refo* was put on her early rising, and by degrees her work, or her anxiety about it, curtailed her rest until many a morning she heard the clock at St. Stephen Martyr's strike four after she had lighted her candle, and opened her books.

Even in the later description of Winny's schoolfellows, and the love affair which follows, Holme Lee has unaccountably dropped all vigour and vitality. Yet Georgie Denham had excellent capabilities in her presentation, and, if she had been given more to do, might of herself have redeemed the book from its sin of dullness. She is one of the new order of girls, given to science, fond of anatomy—as Holme Lee says, "Georgie's studies and diversions were of a harder type, taking a divergent line towards the masculine"—incredulous of love, professedly dissatisfied with the natural object of a woman's life, and apparently destined to celibacy, science, and independence. When Winny as a schoolgirl runs a thorn into her hand, "Georgie produced a pair of tweezers, took firm hold of the suffering member, and drew out the thorn." Later, when Winny as a woman loves a man she cannot marry, Georgie, to cure her of her headless passion and to prevent future sorrow, tells her that he is already married. It is the episode of the thorn over again, and the operation is performed with as much decision as that was, if with less tenderness than need have been. As for Georgie's apparent devotion to celibacy and science, that naturally falls to the ground, and she marries a certain Dr. Harvey-Phillips, to whose sisters "Winny breathed a sigh and said, 'I think Georgie would have done very well without your brother. I believe she is marrying to be in the profession. It has a fascination for her. She once dissected a sparrow.'" We cannot help thinking that Holme Lee has blundered in this character of Miss Denham. She is wanting in cohesion and central principle, being too many things at once—namely, independent and fond of masculine study, yet fond of admiration too, and, though original, not a rebel against Mrs. Grundy in the smallest degree; and thus, having these contradictory qualities, she is not so distinct a portrait as in the beginning we expected to find her.

We cannot admire the Mr. Leonard Durant who makes shipwreck of poor Winny's happiness. He is a married man rambling about the world as a single one, while his wife, who was, when he married her, "a beautiful and impetuous young animal, perfectly ignorant and innocent," is living as the wife of a stone-hewer in the North country, "a Tynedale man of primitive feelings and prodigious strength":—

Durant had seen him and his children, fair, ruddy young sons of Anak, and he had seen and talked with their mother since Christmas—never having seen her before since their separation. She had matured into a grand rustic matron, fiercely tender of her progeny, and loving her master with a wholesome fear. She let Durant know that the episode in her life that belonged to him was her one sin against her husband.

"He'd kill me if he heard you'd been about here," she said with an air of stern conviction.

Durant reproached himself for having gone near her—that episode had dwindled to a poor light o'love shadow on her memory against all the sweet years of contented labour that she had lived since with husband and children. He could not harm her, could not bring any trouble upon her for his own old fault—a generous folly, but not the less a fault.

Such being the state of the case, he suffers himself to fall in love with Winny Hesketh, and to get her love in return; then leaves her to make the best she can of her broken happiness, while he wanders away to the East, where he dies in due course—we think with unnecessary cruelty on the author's part. It would have been far more comfortable, and would have violated no principle of art or

* *This Work-a-Day World*. By Holme Lee, Author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," &c. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

ethics, if the two had been allowed to come together at last. Winny deserved this pale afterglow of joy, seeing how much she had lost during the morning and the noon of her life. We do not hold to the childishness of making all novels end happily. There are no doubt certain fundamental lines on which nothing but tragedy can be constructed, and it would be as wise to quarrel with Romeo and Juliet because we do not take our leave of him administering justice on his estate, of her tying up jams in the still-room, and of both on the high road to comfortable obesity and commonplace felicity, as to quarrel with certain novels because they end in grey, not rose colour. Still, Winny Hesketh might have been made happy without any artistic discord. We wish that Holme Lee had been more merciful to her poor little governess, and had deprived the Tynedale man with the primitive feelings and prodigious strength of his grand rustic matron now that she had done her duty to society and brought into the world her allotted number of fair, ruddy young sons of Anak, so that Winny might have her innings, and thus fair play be dealt to all around.

We hope that Holme Lee's next book may be stronger and better compacted than this. No one is always at the best of his powers; but it is wise not to work when at the worst, and to know when to refrain. A reputation once made has a certain amount of toughness and elasticity to withstand the strain of future failures; but that certain amount is not unlimited, and the patience of the public does not hold out for ever. Still Holme Lee has such excellent qualities, and has done such good work, as entitle her to considerable indulgence; and we shall be glad if she will profit by the lesson of this comparative failure to give us something of her best again.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

FEW problems better deserve the attention of the statesman and the philosopher than that of the vitality of the Mahometan religion and of the social and political organization of Islam in general. Is the Moslem world decaying, and about to give place to some newer development? or is it in process of renovation from contact with Western ideas? or is it, as Mr. Palgrave thinks, and as many symptoms seem to prognosticate, on the eve of a temporary regeneration by a recurrence to primitive austerity, and the rejection of the incongruous infusion with which it has been recently inoculated? Herr Vambéry* seems to accept the first solution, while desiring to establish the second, and incidentally producing some evidence in favour of the third. His point of view is that of a friend to Islam, less on its own account than from that dread of Russian aggrandizement which must needs weigh heavily on a patriotic Hungarian. He would therefore be most happy to pronounce the Oriental world in a fair way of regeneration by Occidental influences; but the result of his examination is decidedly discouraging. Little, he thinks, beyond the exterior varnish of civilization has as yet been acquired even by the most enlightened classes of Turkey and Persia; while the educational, military, and other improved institutions with which these countries have been endowed, being alien to the national genius, languish as mere exotics. The East has never yet produced a real reformer. Mahmoud and Reschid, Mohammed Ali and Ishmael, however ready to recognize the material superiority of the West, have been incapable of comprehending the intellectual ideas with which it is inseparably connected. Admitting the correctness of this view, a strong case would seem to be made out for Mr. Palgrave's anticipation of a reaction towards the intense bigotry and fanaticism which in former days constituted the strength of Islam. It is one of the drawbacks to M. Vambéry's book that he takes so little notice of a movement whose existence is so well attested, and which may be attended with incalculable results. Except for one cursory reference, the only chapter of his work which has much bearing upon it is his examination of the glowing traditions of Saracenic culture which have come down to us from the Courts of Bagdad and Cordova. These are, in his opinion, much exaggerated, and he regards any apparent development of the Arab intellect as the result of an impulse derived from contact with the remains of antique civilization, powerfully operative for a time, but incapable of perpetuation in its uncongenial environment. In pronouncing this severe judgment it may well be doubted whether M. Vambéry has taken sufficient account of the difficulties which liberal culture had to encounter at the period of which he treats—political convulsions, the difficulty of intercourse, and the opposition of the fanatical clergy. There seems some inconsistency between his generally unfavourable estimate of the Oriental intellect and the hopes which, deprecating as he does the subjugation or dispossession of Islam by European Powers, he must be held yet to entertain of such a reform as will enable it to prolong its existence. Dismissing, or rather failing duly to consider, the alternative of a conservative reaction, he looks to the salutary influence of England, the only Power in a position to put pressure upon Eastern States for their own and the general good. French influence is at present at the lowest ebb, and would in no case affect more than the mere surface of society. Germany is excluded by her geographical frontiers. Russian advice is sinister and perfidious; her action is inevitably directed to the total disintegration of the Mussulman body politic.

* *Der Islam im neunzehnten Jahrhundert. Eine culturgeschichtliche Studie.* Von H. Vambéry. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

England, on the other hand, is bound to maintain existing arrangements by the generally conservative character of her policy, by her indifference to territorial acquisitions, and by the obligations under which she already lies to her Moslem subjects in India. Though not very sanguine, the writer still expects something from this influence, with the commercial and industrial improvements which it must bring in its train; and he sums up by expressing the opinion that, if Russia can be prevented from undermining the Moslem edifice altogether, the Eastern nations will gradually approximate to our ideal of civilized communities, but that the process will be very slow, and the product very imperfect. Of Oriental Christians M. Vambéry entertains the lowest opinion, and entirely rejects the notion of any salutary change being effected by their elevation to the position of a ruling class.

Dr. Siegfried* has written a very learned and impartial treatise on Philo of Alexandria, and the system adopted by him in his allegorical interpretation of the Old Testament. In his introductory chapter the author traces the gradual approximation of Hebrew to Hellenic habits of thought during the Alexandrian era, prompted, as he expresses it, by the instinctive wish to combine the philosophical truth offered by classical antiquity with the religious truth inherited by Judaism. A compendious method of achieving this fusion was at hand in the system of allegory, already applied to the Homeric poems by admirers determined to make the prince of poets the prince of religious and ethical teachers also. Aristobolus and other forerunners of Philo had merely to adapt the principle to their own Scriptures, from which indeed, improving upon their masters, they maintained that Homer and Orpheus were borrowed. Philo brought this department of hermeneutics to perfection, and Dr. Siegfried's work contains numerous examples of his skill in educing the profoundest wisdom from the most ordinary trivialities. Absurd as his expositions appear when tested by common-sense criticism, they contributed much to secure to the Scriptures a respectful reception in the schools of the philosophers, and exercised great influence both on the Talmudistic commentators on the one hand and on patristic literature on the other. Dr. Siegfried has investigated all these points with unwearied patience, and has added a copious glossary of Philo's Alexandrian Greek, with references to other writers by whom his phraseology has been employed.

A kindred subject is treated by J. Freudenthal†, the first two sections of whose "Studies of Hellenistic Judaism" are occupied by a disquisition on Alexander Polyhistor. Alexander, a miscellaneous writer contemporary with Sulla, abridged or excerpted a number of writers on Jewish and Samaritan history, with how much or how little judgment it is hard to say, as his work is only known from the quotations of Eusebius. The information thus gleaned at third hand is of very small intrinsic value, but is not devoid of importance as an auxiliary to criticism. When, for example, we find that Josephus in his account of Moses has frequently copied the romantic narrative forged by some vainglorious Hellenistic Jew in the name of Artapan, an imaginary Egyptian priest, we have reason to believe that other puzzling discrepancies between the historian and the sacred writings of his nation may have a similar origin, and are thus enabled to estimate them at their real significance. These and similar questions of historical criticism are investigated by Herr Freudenthal with a thoroughness of scrutiny and an attractiveness of treatment which make us wish for the continuance of his Hellenistic researches.

Paul and Braune's "Contributions to the History of the German Language and Literature"‡ thus far relate entirely to the earliest stages of both. Some are of special interest to English readers, especially Richard Wülker's papers on the stage of the English language entitled by him "Modern Anglo-Saxon," represented by the literary monuments contemporary, or nearly so, with Layamon's "Brut." Two of these compositions, the "Ancien Riwele" and the so-called "Proverbs of King Alfred," form the subjects of independent essays. Among several other interesting articles may be named that on the MSS. of Hartmann's "Iwein," by H. Paul, and that on the legends of Mount Pilatus, by W. Creizenach.

Publications—chiefly of historical, archaeological, or local interest—succeed each other so rapidly from the press of the enterprising publisher who has planted the literary banner of the German Empire at Strasburg§, that we must restrict ourselves to a mere list of them. The work of most general interest is Herr Wiegand's essay on the various recensions of Frederick the Great's prefaces to his historical memoirs. W. Lexis's disquisition on the theory of the statistics deduced from a census of population is important, but intelligible only to mathematicians.

Major H. Müller's|| historical review of the progress of field artillery since the time of Napoleon is valuable for its references

* *Philo von Alexandria als Ausleger des Alten Testaments.* Von Dr. Carl Siegfried. Jena: Dufft. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Hellenistische Studien. Alexander Polyhistor und die von ihm erhaltenen Reste jüdischer und samaritanischer Geschichtswerke.* Von J. Freudenthal. Breslau: Skutsch. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Beiträge zur Geschichte der deutschen Sprache und Literatur.* Herausgegeben von H. Paul und W. Braune. Bd. 1. Halle: Lippert. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Vorreden Friedrichs des Grossen zur "Histoire de Mon Temps."* Von W. Wiegand.—*Einführung in der Theorie der Bevölkerungstatistik.* Von W. Lexis.—*Über die Sanktallischen Sprachdenkmäler.* Von R. Henning.—*Reinmar von Hagenau und H. von Rugge.* Von E. Schmidt.—*Strassburg's Blüte und die volkswirtschaftliche Revolution im XIII. Jahrhundert.* Von G. Schmoller. Strassburg: R. J. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

|| *Die Entwicklung der Feld-Artillerie, von 1815 bis 1870.* Von H. Müller. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

to a long series of experiments conducted in various countries, which it would not be easy to disentomb from the chaos of official reports in which they are embodied. The volume will revive the recollection of the sensation excited by the performances of the Lancaster siege guns in the Crimean war, the controversies as to the possibility of adapting the principle to the requirements of field artillery, and its practical solution by the success of the French rifled cannon in the Italian campaign. The volume concludes with a survey of the existing condition of opinion on the subject, and a set of comparative tables.

The flat districts between the lower waters of the Elbe and the Weser constitute on a superficial view one of the least interesting parts of Europe, but Herr Allmers * has shown that they are full of attraction to a judicious explorer. The simple habits, picturesque traditions, and honourable history of the sturdy children of the soil have afforded him material for a really delightful little volume. It is remarkable what differences of character and manners are found to exist among the occupants of conterminous districts so alike in physical character. The cottages of the Altlanders, for instance, are unlike those of their neighbours, and equal in picturesqueness to the very best English specimens of the Elizabethan era. One of the most interesting parts of the book is the account of the extermination of the heroic and hapless Stedings, the Albigenses of North Germany.

The diagonal drawn by Herr Gerhard Rohlfs across Northern Africa † begins at Tripoli and ends at Lagos on the Gulf of Guinea. The first volume takes the traveller as far as Kuka, a large city on the shores of Lake Tchad. Our readers have previously had opportunities of making acquaintance with Herr Rohlfs as a lively, agreeable, and picturesque traveller, always good-humoured, and reasonable in his estimates of men and things. This character is amply sustained by the present work. His scientific attainments are unfortunately limited, and he depends greatly in this department on the observations of other travellers, especially Nachtigall. In his own line he is perfectly satisfactory. His narrative begins with Tripoli, where he collected interesting particulars respecting German trade with North Africa, and observed the enmity between the French and English Consuls, certainly an unfortunate condition of things. He then made an excursion to the oasis Rhadames or Ghadames, where he was for a long time detained by sickness, and had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the inhabitants. These he describes as great hypocrites in the matter of religious observances, but as hospitable and compassionate. A project for the further exploration of the country in this direction having failed through the unpunctuality of his native auxiliaries, the traveller determined to proceed across the Great Desert to Lake Tchad, and thence to the Gulf of Guinea. This adventurous enterprise he executed, halting some time at Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, where he had occasion to notice the continuance of the slave trade in spite of official professions. Fezzan is at present governed by a Turkish Kaimakan dependent on Tripoli; Herr Rohlfs gives an outline of its previous history. After a weary journey through the desert, which everywhere exhibits the traces of former marine action, the traveller was gladdened by the palms and herds of Lake Tchad, whose elevation above the sea is greater than was formerly supposed, and which, according to Nachtigall, has an outlet at the south-eastern extremity. Kuka, a large and flourishing city governed by a Mahometan Sultan, has of late years obtained a great reputation as the chief seat of learning in Central Africa, although the accomplishments of the students do not extend beyond learning to read the Koran in an unknown tongue. They would prove by no means incapable of instruction through the medium of their native Kanuri. The country has also great capabilities for commerce, of which little advantage is likely to be taken until a route is opened up from the Atlantic, about thirty days' journey. The first volume concludes here, and leaves the traveller meditating the continuation of his journey to Lagos.

A set of chronological tables of modern Italian history ‡, intended especially as a supplement to Massari's Life of Cavour, is a useful guide to the political revolutions of the country, especially since the fall of the French Empire.

W. Roscher's history of political economy in Germany § is necessarily an analysis of the writers who have treated of the subject, to form an opinion of which would require almost as extensive a knowledge as the author's own. It is unquestionably very clear, very interesting, and a work of enormous research, political economy being conceived in its most extensive application, so as to comprise all writers on the social condition of the people since the invention of printing. These fall into three classes, distinguished by a chronological limit—theologians and moralists such as Erasmus, who were led to investigate the relations of rich and poor as a department of casuistry or from motives of philanthropy; writers on political economy as a branch of statecraft, such as Thomasius; finally, the scientific economy of the present day. An immense number of authors are analysed at more or less length, and

always in a spirited and agreeable style. The author's own views appear to be those of the "Academic Socialists," or the school which, while recognizing all the accepted canons of political economy, favours State intervention as a means towards the solution of social problems, and rejects the principles of unrestricted competition and *laissez-faire*.

Herr Adolph Samter * starts from the postulate of the inadequacy of the political economy of Adam Smith to the wide range of discussion suggested by the complicated problems of modern society. He hardly seems to establish his point; the distribution of wealth, as he asserts, may be now a more important subject than its production, and the comfort and morality of the labourer more worthy of attention than the amount of his contribution to the national wealth; but all this is rather a development than an overthrow of Adam Smith, who was the last of men to have dreamed of setting bounds to inquiry in any direction. If, however, Herr Samter has not founded a new science, he has written an interesting, if not very original, essay on human wants and their influence in stimulating the production and regulating the distribution of property.

Herr A. Ritschl † is not an enthusiastic admirer of Schleiermacher. The leading idea of his essay, however, is one in which all will concur—the complexity of Schleiermacher's nature, and the union in him of various elements of speculation which, being appropriated as fragments by his successors, have given rise to schools and coteries which on a superficial view have little in common with their actual source.

In his inaugural lecture at Zürich, Professor Wundt ‡ defines the task now chiefly incumbent upon philosophy as the systematization of human knowledge and the discovery of a common bond of union among all the individual sciences.

The term "art" is understood in a very liberal sense by Moritz Carrière, the fifth volume of whose treatise on aesthetics in connexion with the progress of general culture § is chiefly occupied with what we should consider literary criticism on the intellectual productions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, with occasional references to the political and social movements by which these were influenced. Herr Carrière's criticism is in general very sound, and, if not remarkable for originality, is yet elevated above mediocrity by the writer's lofty conception of the destinies of humanity, and his habit of considering the works he passes in review in their relation to the most exalted ideals of the best and purest minds.

K. J. Schröder's popular lectures on the German poetical and other imaginative literature of this century || are exactly what they profess to be, a brief, unpretending, but impartial and judicious, manual on the subject. The biographical element is somewhat too prominent at the expense of the critical; the notices of the later works of Goethe and Tieck, for instance, are exceedingly meagre.

Karl Werder's Lectures on *Hamlet* ¶ are chiefly a defence of the writer and the hero of the piece against the strictures of Schlegel. The lecturer is ingenious, enthusiastic, and endowed with the first qualification of a commentator on Shakespeare, a reverential sense of his author's genius.

The subject of Paul Heyse's last comedy ** is thus described by the author:—"A young maiden, in dread of being betrothed against her will, proposes to a young man whom she has scarcely seen to rescue her by a pretended marriage." This is a situation which could only be made acceptable by such an overwhelming display of human and animal spirits as silences criticism in the somewhat analogous *She Stoops to Conquer*. Herr Heyse is scantily endowed with Goldsmith's *vis comica*; his play is very elegantly written, but, like most modern dramas of any literary pretension, smells rather of the lamp than the footlights. We should infer from the dedication that it had obtained but a qualified success on the stage.

* *Social-Lehre. Ueber die Befriedigung der Bedürfnisse in der menschlichen Gesellschaft.* Von A. Samter. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Schleiermachers Reden über die Religion und ihre Nachwirkungen auf die evangelische Kirche Deutschlands.* Von A. Ritschl. Bonn: Marcus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Ueber die Aufgabe der Philosophie in der Gegenwart.* Von W. Wundt. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Kunst im Zusammenhang der Culturentwicklung und die Ideale der Menschheit.* Von M. Carrière. Bd. 5. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die deutsche Dichtung des 19. Jahrhunderts.* Von K. J. Schröder. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Vorlesungen über Shakspeare's Hamlet.* Von Karl Werder. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Ehre um Ehre. Schauspiel.* Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

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* *Marschenbuch. Land- und Volksbilder.* Von H. Allmers. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Quer durch Afrika. Reise vom Mittelmeer nach dem Tschad See und zum Golf von Guinea.* Von Gerhard Rohlfs. Th. 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Geschichts-Tabellen von Italien.* Von Dr. E. Bezold. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Geschichte der National-Oekonomie in Deutschland.* Von W. Roscher. München: Oldenburg. London: Williams & Norgate.

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